STORY

OF THE

MORNING STARS.

"He spa[illegible]hat a small ship should wait on him."

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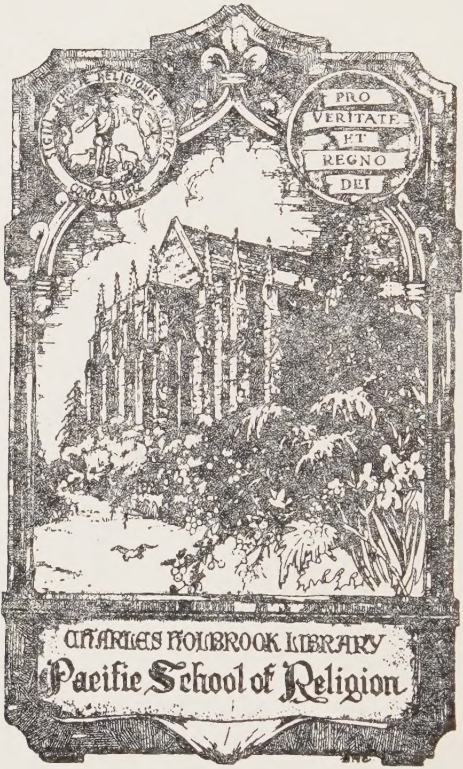
PUBLISHE[illegible]RICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS
FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

1897.



Gift of
Ethel Lucas
In Memory of

STORY OF THE MORNING STARS,

The Children's Missionary Vessels.

BY

REV. HIRAM BINGHAM, JR.
MISSIONARY TO MICRONESIA.

WITH SEQUELS.

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OF RELIGION

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN BOARD.
MISSION ROOMS, 1 SOMERSET ST.
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1897

PREFACE.

MORE than fifty thousand copies of this "Story of the Morning Star" were scattered in 1866, the year in which the children made their great offering for building the vessel. The pamphlet has long been out of print, yet it is still called for. It is now reissued, without change in the stereotype plates, but with Sequels bringing the record down to the present time. May the children, and the men and women who, when they were children, became stockholders in the earlier *Morning Stars*, still follow with their sympathies, prayers, and gifts, their missionary ship!

A. B. C. F. M., BOSTON, March, 1897.

TO THOSE WHO BUILT THE FIRST MORNING STAR,

AND

TO THOSE WHO WISH TO BUILD ANOTHER.

My dear young Friends, — You have all heard of the missionary vessel that was sent to the Pacific Ocean in 1856; not a few of you took stock in her. Perhaps you have read about her in the "Missionary Herald," the "Journal of Missions," the "Youth's Day-spring," the "Friend," or in a book written by Mrs. Warren. Well, the little craft has been sold. She was almost worn out; and it was thought better to build a new vessel than to repair the old one.

As I was the first missionary that went to sea in her, and have known her ever since, the Secretaries of the American Board a few weeks ago requested me to write a short story about her, in order that you may see how much good she has done, and so be all the more glad to aid in building another *Morning Star* to take her place.

From the shortness of the time allowed me, to say nothing of my imperfect health, I should have been unequal to the task, had I not received much assistance from others. A great deal of this I have had from one who has known the *Morning Star* as long as I have, and has been my companion in nearly all my voyagings in her; and I take pleasure also in saying that kind friends at the Missionary House have, by their valued suggestions and criticisms, and in other ways, added not a little to the interest which this "Story of the Morning Star" may be thought to possess. Such as it is I offer it to you. And my prayer is that it may lead you to pity the heathen more deeply than ever. May I not hope that you will think more of that love, so great, so free, which has made it possible for them, as well as for you and me, to see the Lord Jesus in his Heavenly kingdom!

H. B., Jr.

Missionary House, May 19th, 1866.

EXPLANATORY NOTE.

THOSE who desire to pronounce the native words found in the following pages as they are pronounced in the Pacific, will please to remember that

a	is generally	like	a in father.
e	is "	"	a in late.
i	is "	"	i in ravine.
o	is "	"	o in note.
u	is "	"	oo in pool.
ai	is "	"	i in fine.
au	is "	"	ow in now.
n	is "	"	ng in sing.

As the names of certain islands will occur very frequently, I will add that,

Ponape	is to be pronounced nearly	as if	written Po′-nah-pa.*
Kusaie	"	"	Koo-sy′-a.*
Ebon	"	"	A-bóne.
Apaiang	"	"	Ap-py-áhng.
Tarawa	"	"	Tar′-rah-wah.

Please to notice the marks which show where the *accent* is to be placed.

* The final *a* in these two words, as also *A* in A-bone, has the sound of a in late.

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STORY OF THE MORNING STAR.

CHAPTER I.

THE LANDS SHE WAS TO VISIT.

WHEN Balboa, in 1513, first looked upon the mighty Pacific from a mountain-top on the Isthmus of Panama, and called it the South Sea, how little did he know of the thousands of islands which studded its placid bosom, stretching ten thousand miles towards the setting sun! No Captain Cook, or Marshall, or Gilbert, or any one else, had described them, or even seen them. Now, however, enough could be told about them to fill many large books.

On one of them I was born; and as you speak of America as *your* native land, so I sometimes speak of the Pacific as *my* birthplace and childhood-home. There too was the field of my labors as a missionary, and there the *Morning Star* has been going about on her errands of love.

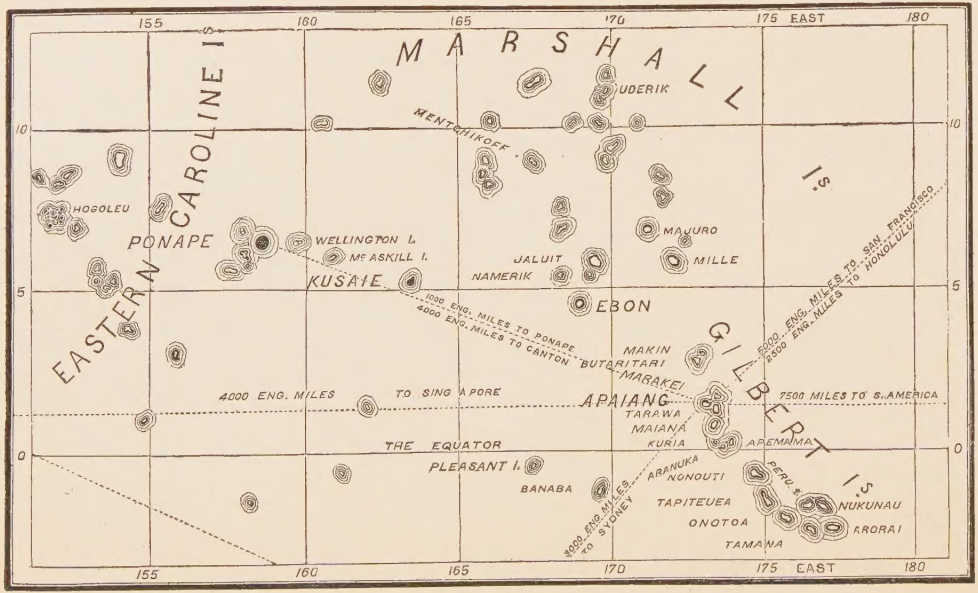
The Pacific is so large that people who make geographies have divided it into several portions. One they call Polynesia, which means "many islands;" and another they call Micronesia, which means "little islands." In both divisions we find some high islands; but many are mere coral reefs. The Ladrone and some of the Caroline Islands are high; but the Gilbert and Marshall Islands are all low. One of the missionaries has beautifully described this island world, by saying,

"The whole is studded with ocean gems, as if the mirror of the starry sky above it."

Come with me, while I take you to those parts of the Pacific which your little vessel has visited. We will start from New York, in a steamer, for Aspinwall on the Isthmus of Panama. This we can reach in eight days; and there we will take the cars across the Isthmus, passing not far from the mountain where Balboa first saw the Pacific. By steamer we shall reach San Francisco in thirteen days. Thence we will go in a sailing vessel toward the southwest. With a good wind, we shall have sailed more than twenty-five hundred miles in ten or twelve days, and shall have reached the high, volcanic island of Hawaii.

Now let us imagine that from the top of Mauna Kea, (nearly three miles high,) which I once tried to reach, but did not, we are looking off far toward the south. If the world was flat, and we had eyes sharp enough, we should see the Marquesas Islands, about two thousand miles distant, — high, rugged, volcanic. Looking off toward the southwest, we should see the Micronesian Islands, the nearest of which are more than two thousand miles away, and the farthest more than four thousand.

Let us dwell upon this beautiful sight. Some of these islands, you see, are clustered together in groups; while some may be called "lone isles of the sea." Some of them are volcanic; and by this we mean that they have been made by the lava which is thrown up by volcanoes in the sea. These are generally covered with forests; and on them you would find, if you could go there, lovely valleys, babbling brooks, birds of bright plumage and sweet song. You would also find trees that yield figs, limes, oranges, bread-fruit, bananas, and guavas. Pine-apples, melons, yams, and sweet potatoes, you would expect to see, of course, in great abundance.



MAP OF EASTERN MICRONESIA.

The larger part of the islands of Micronesia are low coral islands; and they have all been built up by animals. These little creatures began their work, if such it may be called, on the side of some island, high, low, or submerged, not more than one hundred and twenty feet below the surface of the sea. And when the foundation upon which they were building, sunk slowly down into the deep water, (for all these islands are believed to have sunk,) the patient workers kept right on, striving to reach the surface, till at last they gained the victory. The dry land, if any, had disappeared; the fruit of their labor alone remained! What a monument to the industry and skill of these wonderful architects! Everywhere in Micronesia, therefore, you will find coral islands, most of them with a great lake or lagoon in the centre, so that you might call them "hollow islands."

These central lakes are generally connected with the ocean by one or more ship-channels. In the largest of these all the navies of the world might anchor with perfect safety. The rims of land which surround the lagoons are very narrow; so that you might run across them in three or four minutes. The soil is poor, and often very barren. There are no springs, no running streams, no hills; and there are but few land-birds and few flowers. Cattle, sheep, and goats can live there but a short time; but, strange to say, multitudes of human beings have their homes there. Alas, in what darkness!

> "The immense Pacific smiles,
> Round ten thousand little isles,
> Haunts of violence and wiles."

CHAPTER II.

THE PEOPLE SHE WAS TO VISIT.

I HAVE told you of the regions to which the *Morning Star* was bound. It is time to speak of the people to whom she was going; for men are worth a great deal more than the lands in which they live.

You have all heard about the Sandwich Islanders, or Hawaiians, — how they cast away their idols, and how they became a Christian nation in less than thirty years after the first missionaries (of whom my father was one) went among them.

The Marquesas Islanders are much like the Hawaiians in looks and language; and before the latter received the Gospel their religion was much the same. In one respect, however, they were very different. Few of the latter were ever cannibals, while the former were universally so. Dr. Gulick places the Marquesans among the "more sprightly and intelligent of the Polynesian tribes." "Their free democracy from earliest days, fostered by their sequestered valleys," he says, "has been the great outer obstacle to the Gospel; but it has given them an independence, and a certain firmness of character, which renders them less impressible to foreign motives and influences, and has given a subsoil to cultivate, from which we may hope for growths of some permanence. We see this in those who have been converted. The mien and conversation of several of them is that of men convinced, and ready to stand by their convictions, even in the face of the scoffer from foreign lands."

The people of the different groups of Micronesia have

some things in common; but in other things they differ greatly. They are much alike in color; they are somewhat alike in looks, in religion, in manners, and customs. The Gilbert and Marshall Islanders are of the usual size; the Strong's Islanders (Kusaieans) are rather smaller. Mr. Damon says that the Marshall Islanders are "unmistakably of Japanese extraction," and the Gilbert Islanders "most strikingly like the Hawaiians."

If you would paint one of the Micronesians, you must give him a dark skin, — here copper, there olive; you must make his hair straight and black; you must make his eyes black also; and you must be sure not to forget the "tattoo" marks on his body, of which he is so very proud.

The people of one group cannot understand the language of another; but the missionaries find that many words are common to all the groups. It sometimes happens that the men living on these islands are drifted away in their canoes to a great distance; but they soon learn to converse in any new tongue which they have occasion to use. You know, of course, that before the missionaries visited them they had no books; neither could they read or write, so dark were their minds; but, alas, their hearts were darker still!

The unconverted Micronesians are all liars. The fathers lie, the mothers lie, and the children lie. Indeed, they seem just as ready to deceive as to speak the truth. They are much disposed to steal, moreover. They steal from one another, from the ships which visit them, and frequently from missionaries who live among them. In their way they are very covetous. They know very little about nice houses, railroads, bank-stocks, fine horses, and fine clothes; but they are greedy of fishhooks, tobacco, plane-irons, large knives, scented oils, and beads. They often treat their women with great cruelty, beating them, stabbing them, making slaves of them. The little children, for the most part, have much kindness shown to them; but I am sorry to say that they do not honor their fathers

and their mothers. And I will add that very little respect is paid to old people. They generally treat strangers kindly, offering food and drink to those who call on them.

None of the Micronesians are cannibals; but they are very passionate and revengeful. Hence they are much given to fighting and killing one another. A great many murders are committed every year.

The Micronesians can hardly be called *idolaters;* that is, they do not bow "down to wood and stone;" but they are heathen nevertheless, and they worship false gods. I think we might call them "spiritualists." They believe there are *a great many* spirits which have to do with them. They set up stones in honor of them, (see one of these stones in the extreme left of the picture opposite page 16,) and often make offerings of food to them; for they are much afraid of them. Some persons profess to hold intercourse with these spirits. In the Gilbert Islands the priests decide that a spirit is present, not by his *knocking*, as some people in America do, but by his *whistling*.

They have many superstitions which it would take a whole book to describe; but I have said enough to give you some idea of the tribes which the *Morning Star* was to visit. I have said enough to show you that the Micronesians were poor heathen, needing the Bible to tell them that Jesus had died to save them as well as us. You see that such people could not be happy in heaven. The blood that cleanseth from all sin, must be sprinkled upon them before they can be admitted to that holy place.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT HAD BEEN DONE BEFORE HER VISIT.

I HAVE told you what kind of people the Micronesians were; and I have shown you how much they needed the Bible. Now let us see what Christians had done to give them the Gospel before the children sent the *Morning Star* to them. Of what had been done for the Marquesans I will speak in another place.

When the Hawaiians became a Christian people, not a few of them were willing to carry the Gospel to others who were ignorant of it, as they themselves had been; and the missionaries were glad to have them do this, in order that the churches to which they belonged might take a more active part in the salvation of the world, and receive a better training for all good works at home. They could not well go to China, or India, or Japan; for those countries were far off, and their languages were hard to learn. The islands of which we have been speaking were very small, it is true; but they were much nearer, and the people were more like themselves, in manners, and habits, and ways of living. To these, therefore, it was decided that some of them should be sent, and with them a few Americans, to cheer and counsel them, to translate the Scriptures, and to prepare books.

For this purpose three men, Mr. Snow, Dr. Gulick, Mr. Sturges, and their wives, sailed from the United States for Micronesia, the two former in 1851, and the latter early in 1852. They went first to the Sandwich Islands. While they were there, two Hawaiians, Kaaikaula and Opunui, with their wives, Debora and Doreka, were selected to accompany them to Micronesia.

But how should they get to their field of labor? There were no ships going back and forth between the Sandwich Islands and any of the groups of Micronesia. It seemed best, therefore, to buy a small schooner, which might take them there, and carry supplies to them afterwards. Her name was the *Caroline;* and in July, 1852, these five men and their wives set sail for their future home. Mr. Clark, one of the older missionaries at the Sandwich Islands, and Kekela, pastor of a church on Oahu, went to help them in getting a foothold, after which they were to return again.

That you may know more about this Kekela, I will say that he was educated (as I was in part) by the kindness of a Boston merchant, once an officer of the brig *Thaddeus*, which took the first missionaries to the Sandwich Islands. He has been for many years, and is now, a missionary to the Marquesas Islands. Just before he sailed in the *Caroline*, he made a public address, which will give you some idea of the man. "I am a native of these islands," he said. "My parents were idolaters, and I was born in times of darkness. A short time ago all our people were heathen; they worshipped a great variety of gods; they were engaged in war; they were addicted to stealing and robbery. Man and wife did not live together and eat together, as now; they took no care of their children. . . . But a great light has arisen over us. . . . The Bible has driven away our darkness, overturned our heathenish customs, and caused a great improvement in our condition. Because the Word of God has been given us in our own language, we have learned to read; and all the people have learned to read it, old and young. It has been scattered all over the land, and taught all the people to do right. Therefore the people live peaceably; parents take some care of their children; the Sabbath is observed; the laws are regarded, and all dwell securely. . . . What, then, is more reasonable than that we Hawaiians should extend to other

nations in this ocean the blessings of the Gospel? Those tribes are now what we were a short time ago,—degraded, wretched idolaters. Shall we not have pity on them, as the people of God in the United States have had pity on us?"

The *Caroline* touched first at Butaritari, or Pitt's Island, in the Gilbert group. On going ashore, the missionaries visited the *maneaba*, (large council-house.) Learning that there were just such buildings on other islands, they could not help remarking to each other, — "Here are houses for public Christian worship already erected, waiting for those who shall proclaim the word of life." Not that the people had any such thought; but God's ways are not as our ways. How well they were adapted to such a use, you will learn from the picture on the opposite page. You have before you an immense roof, resting upon large coral stones, some three feet from the ground, neatly thatched with the pandanus leaf.

But though there were a great many people on this island, as also on other islands of this group, the missionaries were not ready to leave any of their number there. And so they passed on, some six hundred miles, to Strong's Island, or, as the natives call it, Kusaie, a perfect "gem of the sea," of which I shall say more hereafter. Here they decided to leave Mr. Snow and Opunui.

These brethren were very kindly received by the highest chief of the island, who was called King George. He could speak a little English, and so could some of his people. The missionaries were surprised at this, when they remembered how seldom the Kusaieans had seen either Americans or Englishmen.

Let me give you a specimen of King George's English. He was telling the missionaries how he had forbidden the making of intoxicating drinks; and this is what he said: "Plenty white men speak me, 'Very good, tap cocoa-nut-tree; get toddy.' Me say, 'No; no good.' Plenty men get drunk on shore; too much row; me like all quiet.

GILBERT ISLAND MANEABA.

No tap cocoa-nut-tree on Strong's Island.'" I am sure you will say that King George was a wise ruler, even though you may think his English somewhat rough and jagged. And he deserves this testimony also, that he was always kind to Mr. and Mrs. Snow and their companions. He had promised to be "all same father" to them, and he kept his word. They were very sorry when he died; but they hoped that he was prepared for the "better home." His dying charge to his son and the other chiefs was, "Take good care of the missionaries."

After the visit of the *Caroline* to Strong's Island, she went some three hundred miles farther west to Ascension Island, or, as the natives call it, Ponape. This is one of the largest islands in Micronesia. It is high and very fertile; and the inhabitants at that time were supposed to be about ten thousand. The missionaries had been afraid that they might not be able to land; but the way was open, and Mr. Sturges, Dr. Gulick, Kaaikaula, and their wives, commenced their work immediately on that dark shore.

In 1855 Mr. Doane and Kamakahiki, with their wives, sailed from Honolulu in a whale-ship, to join the mission on Ponape. The same year Dr. and Mrs. Pierson, from the United States, reached Honolulu on their way to Kusaie. They did not know when or how they could get there from the Sandwich Islands; but God had provided a way. The barque *Belle* was soon to cruise near that island, and the captain kindly consented to take them on board. Kanoa and his wife Kaholo, both of them Hawaiians, went with them.

But I must tell you more of this barque *Belle;* for it was she that prepared the way for sending the Gospel to the low islands of Micronesia. She touched at several of the Gilbert Islands; and in this way Dr. Pierson and Kanoa were able to learn much about them. They found that a great many people lived there, although the soil would not produce garden vegetables;

and Dr. Pierson thought that missionaries might live there too. "They are the last persons," he said, "to choose a field because it is easy." Both he and Mrs. Pierson were willing, therefore, to return, and occupy one of them in the name of the Lord Jesus.

The *Belle* next proceeded to the Marshall Islands; and there Dr. Pierson became acquainted with a leading chief, called Kaibuke, and with his sister, Nemair. No white men were then living in that group; and as this chief had promised to take care of him, if he would live there, he felt that it might be his duty to do so. "To us," he said, "the field seems exceedingly inviting; and we doubt not it will prove so to any one who may be allowed the privilege of teaching this people the way of life."

The *Belle* arrived at Kusaie on the 6th of October, 1855; and Dr. Pierson began to labor there, hoping, nevertheless, to return to the Marshall Islanders at an early day. Next April a fleet of canoes which had gone adrift, with many of these very people on board, reached Kusaie, and with them he became well acquainted. After a few months, they set out for their homes, distant some three hundred miles; but Dr. Pierson did not think it safe to go with them in their frail barks, fastened together, not with iron, but with cocoa-nut cord, and using mats for sails. He chose, rather, to wait for a safer conveyance. Thus were the isles waiting for the law of the Lord, —

> —— "the powers of darkness yield,
> For the Cross is in the field,
> And the light of life revealed."

CHAPTER IV.

WHY SHE WAS NEEDED.

THE *Caroline*, which took out the first missionaries to Micronesia, was soon sold for lack of money to sail her. This was a sad blow to them; for they all felt that they needed a vessel of their own. Whale-ships, it is true, touched at their islands now and then; not so, however, as to be depended on. If you had been with them, you would have felt just as they did. Let me tell you why.

A missionary packet would bring them tidings from their *native land*. Mr. Snow's mother died, and it was two years before he heard of it! How, think you, could the missionaries have lived through our terrible war, if they had been obliged to wait two years for "the news"?

Such a vessel would supply them with proper *food*. They needed salt meat, flour, rice, sugar, and other articles which you have in your pleasant homes. Before the *Morning Star* was built, they suffered very much for the want of these things.

Such a vessel would give the *sick* the benefit of a sea-voyage. Before the children had built the *Morning Star*, Dr. Gulick wrote home from Ponape, concerning his wife, — "Her health is gradually failing. She much needs more exercise and relaxation than I can give her here. Were it possible, I should wish her to go to the Sandwich Islands for a time."

Such a vessel would be a *protection* to the missionaries. There are a great many bad men in the Pacific; and if they should get the idea that nobody cared for one

of these servants of Christ, they might rob him or kill him. But the *Morning Star* has told them that thousands of good people, far away, are looking after his welfare.

With such a vessel they could *preach Christ more freely* to the Micronesians. They could go from island to island, where no white man had ever been; so that the first words from strange lips should be of "the great salvation." Mr. Doane said, before the *Morning Star* was sent to Micronesia, that he felt very much as if he were in sight of a wrecked sailor on a huge rock, around which the angry sea was dashing furiously, utterly unable to reach him! He seemed to see the people beckoning to him to give them the Bible, and yet he could not do it.

Let me show you just how the case stood in 1855. The *Caroline*, in taking missionaries to Kusaie and Ponape, had passed the Gilbert Islands on the left, where there were some 30,000 or 40,000 heathen, and the Marshall Islands on the right, where there were at least 10,000. She touched, as we have seen, for a few days at Butaritari, one of the most northerly of the Gilbert Islands. The missionaries pitied these poor heathen very much; and they hoped that the Gospel would some day be preached to them. Hawaiian missionaries might easily be found who could live on these coral rims; and we have seen that there were American missionaries who would be glad to labor there. What should be done? Should these Marshall and Gilbert Islanders be left, as they had been for so many ages, to live and die without hearing about their Saviour? If not, somebody must go and live among them.

It was decided to state the case to the children in America, and to ask them to build a missionary vessel. The "little folks" were all ready; and in three months from the laying of the keel, the *Morning Star* was in trim for her long voyage round Cape Horn!

CHAPTER V.

HER VOYAGE AROUND CAPE HORN.

On the evening of November 30th, 1856, a farewell meeting was held in Park Street Church, Boston, at which Captain Moore and his crew were present. Both he and myself were to receive our "instructions," as to where we were to go, and what we were to do. The house was crowded with the friends of the little vessel, who wished to hear what would be said to us.

The first day of winter was cold; but many Christian friends met on board our missionary packet, to bid her and her company "God speed!" It was not, however, till the next day that she spread her white sails for the long voyage. (See the cover.) With deep interest we watched the forms of loved ones, as they stood on the wharves, sending after us their best wishes. When should we see their faces again? Though it was a tender hour, it was a happy one. We thought it a great privilege to be permitted to go to the heathen in such a vessel. Oh, how many prayers were offered by Jesus' little lambs for her preservation!

We sailed beautifully out of Boston harbor; but, not long after, a dreadful storm came upon us. The *Morning Star* was forced to anchor under the lee of Cape Cod, off Provincetown; and so were two other vessels, one on each side of her. The wind shifted during the night; and the next morning we saw our two neighbors high up on the shore, amid the breakers. But God had taken care of us, and the *Morning Star* held fast, and was all safe! There we lay for three days, till a steamer from

Boston came to our assistance; and, having towed us around the Cape, she left us to go on our way over the stormy Atlantic.

When we reached the South Atlantic, we found that our fore-yard was sprung; and so we put into Rio Janeiro for repairs. The harbor was very beautiful, and we enjoyed the visit, to which the nice oranges and bananas added not a little. On the 24th of February, we passed Cape Horn, where we encountered another severe gale. But God helped us, and in a few days we had passed the stormy Cape, where vessels are often detained for weeks.

Soon after entering the Pacific, we felt that the Holy Spirit was with us; and ere we reached the Sandwich Islands, we hoped that some of our company had given their hearts to the Saviour. Our carpenter had been very profane during the early part of the voyage, and, when reasoned with, he thought he could not help swearing. But when he determined to become a Christian, he strove hard and successfully against this great sin. Sometimes he would haul in a rope that might be accidentally dragging in the sea, without being told to do it. And when some of his companions wondered at this, he replied that the vessel belonged to Jesus, and he wished to help take care of it, even if he was not commanded by the officer to do what he knew he ought to do. It made us happy to think that God had blessed the little vessel on her first voyage.

On the 20th of April, 1857, we had our first view of the snow-capped mountains of Hawaii, distant more than a hundred miles. The sunrise was beautiful, the clouds being tinged with a gorgeous crimson, and everything seemed to be in harmony with the feelings of joy which we experienced, when, at about six o'clock, as I was sweeping the western horizon with my glass, the majestic Mauna Kea was distinctly seen! Many hours did we spend that day on deck, awed by the stupendous pile which, so far away from us, was piercing the clouds.

We passed Hawaii on our left; and the next morning we had Maui and Molokai in full view. As we coasted along the shore of the latter, we were charmed with the numerous cascades which rushed down the rocky precipices near the sea.

I shall not soon forget the first sight of Oahu, the island of my birth, with its rugged mountains, cocoa-nut groves, little villages, and, last of all, the beautiful harbor of Honolulu. Many years had rolled away since I had left it, then a mere boy. As we neared the land, a small schooner passed us, and her captain, standing upon her rail, shouted, "Welcome to the *Morning Star!*" And then from the crowd of natives on her deck there went up a round of cheers, which seemed to come from full hearts. These people were very glad to see the *Morning Star*, of which they had heard so much, and toward the building of which many of their children had given their money. The captain who welcomed us was a brother of Dr. Gulick, of Micronesia; and he is now the principal of a Girls' Boarding-School at Waialua, Oahu. He came on board with Mr. Bond, and the watermelon, cocoa-nuts, potatoes, sweet and Irish, which they gave us, were a great luxury, after we had been so many months upon the deep.

We had not been long at Honolulu, when the good people wished to give the *Morning Star* a new flag. At the time it was presented, thousands assembled near the vessel on the wharf; speeches were made, songs were sung, and great joy was expressed in what the children had done. Amid the shouts of the people, the new flag was hoisted to the mast-head by Captain Moore.

CHAPTER VI.

SHE VISITS THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.

THE *Morning Star* was first sent to the Marquesas Islands, to relieve the wants of the Hawaiian missionaries who were living there. Many years before, English missionaries made some effort to carry the Gospel to the Marquesans; afterwards American missionaries renewed the attempt; but none of them saw fit to remain permanently.

In 1853 a chief of one of these islands, Matunui, came to the Sandwich Islands in a whale-ship, with his son-in-law, who was a Hawaiian, to ask for missionaries. Christians felt that this was a Macedonian cry; and soon they sent back with him four Hawaiian missionaries and their wives. The names of the men were Kekela, Kauwealoha, Kuaihelani, and Kaiwi. Mr. Bicknell, an Englishman, also went with them, hoping that he might assist them.

The people of Fatuhiva, where Matunui lived, seemed very glad to see him again. But only five days after they had landed, a French brig anchored there, bringing a Catholic priest. He demanded of Matunui and the other chiefs that these missionaries should be sent away, saying that the Marquesas Islands belonged to the French. One of the chiefs replied, "No; the land is not yours. It belongs to this people; and there never was a Frenchman born on Fatuhiva; and these teachers must not be sent back." So the Hawaiians were not sent away; and they were very glad, you may be sure, to remain. Matunui, however, did not always treat them kindly.

In 1856 a vessel was chartered at Honolulu to visit

them, and Dr. Lowell Smith was sent to inquire of their welfare. On his return to the Sandwich Islands, he gave an account of his visit. "I found our friends," he said, "all in usual health, cheerful and happy in their work; but they had been obliged, for several months, to look a little too much on the 'shady side.'" You will ask, perhaps, "What was this 'shady side.'"? I will let Dr. Smith tell you: "Brother Bicknell had sold his hand-saws, plane-irons, chisels, hatchets, and adze, and one or two razors, in exchange for food. And the native missionaries had parted with most of their knives and forks and spoons, for the same purpose. They said that they would soon have been obliged to part with their clothes, if their supplies had not come to hand." I am sure that you will consider these Hawaiians worthy of being fed and clothed, when you read what Dr. Smith says of them: "The apparent respect and confidence with which the natives daily called upon them for favors or advice, reminded me of what has occurred around my own door for the last twenty years."

It was the privilege of Dr. Smith to welcome Natua, the "first-fruits" of the mission, to the Church of Christ, giving him the baptismal name of Abraham, because he was the "father of the faithful" among the Marquesans. Let me tell you a pleasant story of this good man. In 1858 a whale-ship visited his island; and, being on board of her, he was invited to sit at the cabin-table. But not a morsel of food would he taste, till he had asked a blessing. He tried to speak in English, and said: "O Great Fader! Got no fader; got no moder; got no broder; got no sister! Make first the sea; make first the dry land; make first the moon and stars; make first the trees; then He make man. And now, Great Fader, give man his belly-full. Amen!"

You may smile when you read this simple prayer. But you remember, do you not, those sweet words of the Saviour, "She hath done what she could"? And Natua

did what *he* could. What a sublime conception of God did he express! Pardon the poor man's English, because of his great thoughts.

My young friends are glad, I do not doubt, that the *Morning Star* could go to visit these good missionaries the next year, before they should be too much in want. She took out two other Hawaiian laborers, Kaukau and his wife, to help them; and on her return she brought Mr. Bicknell to Honolulu, to superintend the printing of the Gospel of John and other books.

On her way back, she touched at Hilo, on the island of Hawaii, where Mr. Coan lives, who was for so many years pastor of the largest church in the world. Some of you may remember the letter which he wrote at that time. Here is a part of it: "The morning of the 7th of July dawned gloriously on Hawaii. The mountains were throwing off their night-robes, and adorning themselves in the light drapery of the dawn; the fields were slowly unveiling their peerless beauty; the ocean began to reflect the first tinges of morning light, when suddenly the sound, 'Hokuao! (*Morning Star!*) Hokuao!' broke our slumbers! 'Hokuao! Hokuao!' echoed and reëchoed from every headland and hill, and rolled back from every valley along our coast; and multitudes of children waked, and ran, and shouted, and caught the 'flying joy.' All Hilo was active. Away in the eastern horizon floated that beauteous Star of Hope, while Venus, like an angel's eye, looked down upon her from the vault of heaven. Then we felt that our prayers had been heard, and realized that the sleepless eye of Him who proclaims Himself 'the Bright and Morning Star,' was also looking down upon that little consecrated bark. And while our spiritual organs seemed to catch the notes of the celestial anthem, as 'the morning stars sang together,' our bodily ears did hear many voices of the 'sons of God,' as they shouted for joy.'"

CHAPTER VII.

SHE SETS OUT FOR MICRONESIA.

By the 7th of August the *Morning Star* was ready to start for Micronesia. A farewell meeting was held on board; missionaries, foreigners, and natives crowding her deck. We were commended to the kind care of our heavenly Father, with prayer, both in English and Hawaiian; the "Missionary Hymn" was sung; the benediction was pronounced; the moorings of your little vessel were cast off, and our long voyage of more than twenty thousand miles was resumed, after a pleasant visit of three months, among a people so recently converted from heathenism.

We touched twice at Kauai, one of the Hawaiian Islands, and held pleasant meetings on shore. All were delighted to see us, and to contribute something for our comfort. But this last of Christian lands that we were to see for many years, faded at length in the distance. And yet, as we were wafted farther and farther from the friends we loved, our joy only increased; for we thought, "Soon we shall be proclaiming the love of Christ to those who are sitting in darkness."

After we had been fourteen days without the sight of land, the good chronometer which the Sunday-School children of Essex Street Church, Boston, had given to the *Morning Star*, told us that we were nearing Uderik, one of the Marshall Islands. Oh, how eager I was to catch my first glimpse of a Micronesian island! And do you not think that I was very happy to be the first one to see the cocoa-nut tree tops just rising out of the ocean? With

WELCOME OF THE MORNING STAR.

a burst of joy I shouted, "Land ho!" And instantly the word was taken up by almost all on board, till the fishes around us might have wondered at a sound so new and strange.

We passed near enough to see with the naked eye several specks upon the beach. These, the spy-glass showed us, were human beings. Gladly would we have stopped to tell them of our errand; but we were obliged to pass them by; and even to this day no missionary has landed there. Poor people! Do you not pity them? Perhaps the new vessel will bear the "glad tidings" to them.

Two days later we passed so near Mentchikoff Island that we could see the men, women, and children upon the beach. Some of them waved their mats to us, and we in turn waved our handkerchiefs to them. You will find a picture, illustrating this first welcome of the *Morning Star* by the heathen of Micronesia, on the preceding page.

It was not long before several of them pushed off in a proa to visit us. They were strange-looking men; and the strangest thing about them was the pair of ear-rings which they wore. Only think of having a hole in the lower part of one's ear, large enough to put a man's arm through! Just look at the picture of the Marshall Islander on the opposite page, and you will see what I mean.

The narrow strip around the tortoise-shell ear-ring is a part of the ear itself. The large hole has been made by constant stretching. When the ear-rings are taken out, they often hang it up; in other words, they put the lower part of the ear on the top of the ear. The long hair is firmly tied in a knot on the back of the head, which is sometimes adorned with white lilies and a coronet of shells, curiously wrought. You see that this man is carefully tattooed.

One of the men who came off to us, asked for a knife and tobacco, the latter of which the *Morning Star* had

A MARSHALL ISLANDER.

not for sale. He offered in return mother-of-pearl fish-hooks, nicely contrived and neatly finished, a few cocoa-nuts, and several broken sea-shells.

Not long after this we were visited by another man, who came off to us in a canoe just large enough to carry himself. It was so frail, so old, so leaky, that it seemed as if every wave would swamp it. He had to keep bailing it all the while, by means of a skilfully contrived scoop, with which he tossed out the water with great ease and rapidity. I held up to him a file, a jews-harp, and a letter, which I had written at the suggestion of Captain Moore. It read much as follows: —

MORNING STAR, *Aug.* 29, 1857.
S. G. Moore, *Captain.*

To the Inhabitants of Mentchikoff Island:

Glad tidings! "Glory to God in the highest; peace on earth; good-will toward men." "God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, might not perish, but have everlasting life."

We hope soon to bring you the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and some of His missionaries to teach you.

Very truly yours,
HIRAM BINGHAM, Jr.,
Missionary to Micronesia.

P. S. — We left Honolulu August 7th, and are bound for Strong's Island.

This man came near enough to take these articles from my hands. The file, however, slipped from him, and he instantly dove after it; but it outstripped him in its bottom-ward flight. and he returned without it. The letter, which he still held in his hand, was completely drenched; but he laid it with care upon the little platform between the canoe and its outrigger. I gave him another file; and Captain Moore gave him some fish hooks and hard bread.

After this friendly interview with these natives, we squared our yards for Kusaie, and soon left them astern. Perhaps some of my young friends will ask whether the Marshall Islanders could read the letter which I had written them, and which I may call my first sermon to the Micronesians. We did not suppose that they could; but we hoped that they would one day show it to some white man, who could tell them of the "glad tidings" which it contained.

CHAPTER VIII.

HER VISIT TO KUSAIE.

THOUGH it was only three hundred and fifty miles from Mentchikoff Island to Kusaie, we were ten days in making the passage, owing to head-winds and calms Much of Micronesia is in the "doldrums," as the sailors call the low latitudes; and often, while passing from one island to another, our patience is sorely tried by fitful breezes, ocean-currents, and the torrid sun.

On the 8th of September we dropped anchor in one of the beautiful harbors of Kusaie. What a feast to our weary eyes was this gem of the Pacific, — so green, so romantic, so lovely! All about us there rose abruptly hills and mountains, covered to their very summits with the densest verdure. Beneath cocoa-nut and bread-fruit and banana and banyan trees nestled the picturesque dwellings of the natives. Here and there a light canoe passed rapidly along, bearing the rich, spontaneous fruits which had only to be gathered as they were needed. Snow-white birds sailed gracefully along, at a dizzy height, toward the dark mountain-sides.

On a lovely islet, which the missionaries called 'Dove

Island," stood the cottage of Mr. Snow; and not far off were the houses of Dr. Pierson and Kanoa. Oh, how beautiful was this secluded spot! It might have been called a fairy scene. We could not help thinking of the words, —

"Where every prospect pleases."

Too soon, however, we felt the force of those other words, —

"And only man is vile."

A house was pointed out to us, where a few white men and several natives of Rotuma had been for many days blockaded by the Kusaieans. Some of them had designed to kill the king and take the island; and the missionaries had good reason to believe that these reckless men had wished to destroy their lives. But God had mercifully preserved His servants thus far. Before our arrival several of the insurgents had been slain; and others had taken refuge in the house to which I have referred. You will not wonder that our brethren were very glad to see the *Morning Star*, for which they had been looking so earnestly! It was a great relief to them to have the little packet so near them, ready for any emergency. She brought a mail, moreover, that contained tidings of their friends for more than a year.

We soon assembled in Mr. Snow's house to thank our heavenly Father for all his "mercy and truth." And through His gracious influence our little vessel was soon made a peacemaker. A meeting between the king and the leading insurgents was held on board of her; and it was arranged that most of them should leave the island at an early day. Four of the Rotumas we took with us to Ponape.

The king declared that he wanted no white men to remain on his island, except the missionaries. He knew that the latter came, not to kill and to rule, but to

preach the gospel of peace; and he felt quite willing to trust them. The missionaries were very glad to hear him express his confidence in them; and although scarcely any one had been converted during their five years of hard labor, they did not think of giving up and going elsewhere. When Mr. Snow told him of his purpose to visit Ponape for a few weeks, he seemed reluctant to let him go.

We were happy, during the visit, to make the acquaintance of Keduka, one of the earliest converts. Mr. Snow told a pleasant story about him, in connection with Dr. Pierson's arrival in the *Belle*. He was away from home on some pressing business, when he saw a vessel. He immediately left his business, and hastened to the pilot, to go with him to the ship. "Me think missionary stop board that ship," he afterward said to Mr. Snow. "Me want to go 'long pilot; look quick. Me no care nothing 'bout 'nother ship come before; but me think missionary in this ship; that 's what for I want go; look plenty." This man is still one of the leading Christians in the little church on Kusaie.

Taking Mr. Snow and Dr. Pierson with their families, we set sail for Ponape, September 15th, to visit the missionaries there, and to hold a meeting of the Micronesia mission, to decide what new stations should be occupied, and what men should commence them.

CHAPTER IX.

HER VISIT TO PONAPE.

On the 23d of September we entered the Metálanim harbor, on the east side of Ponape, mountain-locked, like

the one we had just left, with surroundings less abrupt, indeed, but more grand. Here too we saw the same intense green; and on our left we beheld two picturesque water-falls, which greatly enhanced the beauty of the place. On our right, standing by itself, was the "Sugar Loaf," several hundred feet high; and were any of you to see it, you would say at once, "It *is* a Sugar Loaf." All who visit this place, are struck with the extraordinary likeness.

At Shalong, near this harbor, was the home of Dr. Gulick. We were very glad when he came alongside of our vessel in his little boat, called the *Soso*. We had on board his gray-haired father; and their meeting, after a five years' separation, was truly affecting.

Ponape is a much larger island than Kusaie; and there were three missionary stations on it. Word was soon sent to the other brethren that the *Morning Star* had arrived. Our friends were delighted to hear the tidings; for the food of some of them was nearly gone, and they found it hard to buy any of the natives. Indeed, they were about making their necessities a subject of special prayer; when lo! He who hath "the times and the seasons" in His own hand, sent the missionary ship to them just at the right time!

Missionary life on Ponape has always been one of much hardship. But those who have been sowing in tears, are now reaping in joy. Some of the trials which in early years they were subjected to, will appear in the following extracts from a letter of Mr. Doane: — "Not a native boy or girl, man or woman, can we get to do anything for us. Our family work I am obliged to share with my wife; and my co-laborers do likewise. I am familiar with the kitchen and the wash-tub. All the out-door work, moreover, I must do. I must go after firewood, bring it home in a small canoe, and then cut it. I must bring my own water; I must attend to the watering and feeding of my cow. I must, in short, help myself, if I would be helped.

And in this hot climate it requires no little energy to go forward, and do all that is needful." And yet this good brother was "not disheartened." He felt, moreover, that his trials might help forward the work which he was doing. "One good result at least," he wrote, "will come from all this. When the natives see us toiling thus, all wet with perspiration, all sore with toil, coats off, perhaps in the water up to the knees, they will see that we have not come here to play the gentleman."

While the *Morning Star* lay in the harbor of Metálanim, a meeting was held on board of her, for the sake of giving the missionaries at Shalong a public opportunity to testify their joy, and also to impress upon the natives the nature of the work which she was doing. Captain Moore and others made addresses, which Dr. Gulick interpreted. The flag was exhibited, with other articles of interest, among them a large Bible. The exercises were closed by singing,

"Waft, waft, ye winds, His story," &c.

From Metálanim harbor we proceeded to Mr. Doane's station, in the Jokoij tribe, on the northwest side of the island, to take on board his goods. While this was going on, the Wajai (a high chief) came to Mr. Doane's house, and commenced stoning the people, saying that our missionary brother was leaving them because they did not come to hear him preach on the Sabbath.

He and other chiefs accompanied Mr. Doane to the *Morning Star* in several canoes. For a short time we endeavored to entertain them with instrumental and vocal music. Mr. Doane then implored God's blessing upon them, and bade them "good-bye." You will be glad to know that his labors among that tribe were not in vain. Many of the people, including this very Wajai, are now coming to Jesus.

From this station we proceeded to Ron Kiti, the residence of Mr. Sturges. In his hospitable dwelling we had

a pleasant home for a week and more. His house stood upon a high hill, surrounded with bread-fruit, cocoa-nut, and papaw trees, and overlooking the smooth sheet of water where the *Morning Star* lay safely moored.

We enjoyed the few days which we spent on Ponape very much. Those who dwell in Christian lands, can hardly imagine the pleasure which missionaries derive from intercourse with each other. It is "like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; that went down to the skirts of his garments." But the time soon came for our parting words. The isles were waiting for the law!

It had been decided to commence new stations on the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. Although there were some five thousand people on Ponape, even after the terrible ravages made by the small-pox, it was thought best to send Dr. Pierson and Mr. Doane to the Marshall Islands, as also Kanoa and myself to the Gilbert Islands. Some of us, therefore, must turn away from these "heavenly places in Christ Jesus," and preach the "unsearchable riches" where they had not been known.

And so, on the 15th of October, we set sail and entered the Metálanim harbor again, to take on board Mrs. Gulick (with three children), who was going to the Sandwich Islands for her health. While attempting to get to sea, the *Morning Star* struck on one of the thousand reefs with which these waters abound, where she thumped about for ten or fifteen minutes; but the Keeper of Israel mercifully cared for us; and before night we were safely under way. Dr. Gulick then left us to return in his little boat to his "hermit-home," while we bore away for Eastern Micronesia. You will not wonder that he called to mind the following words: —

"Thou who dost the winds control,
Guide our vessel to her goal;
Pour the sunshine o'er her track;
Father, lead the storm-cloud back.

"Infant hopes are centred there,
Infant voices raised in prayer;
Infant hands have launched the bark,
Safely speed thee, Gospel Ark!"

CHAPTER X.

HER VISIT TO APAIANG.

We touched at Wellington and McAskill Islands, and then at Kusaie to return Mr. and Mrs. Snow to their home, henceforth to be so lonely, in consequence of the removal of Dr. Pierson and Kanoa. With the latter were two Gilbert Islanders, a man and his wife, who had drifted away from their own group. They had taught Kanoa a few words of their language, which were of much use to him in beginning his new work.

Your missionary vessel was now loaded down as much as she could be with safety; for she had on her decks (besides much of the lumber for my little framed house which I took out from Honolulu) poles and posts for building houses, as soon as possible, upon the new islands to which the other missionaries were going.

Though the *Morning Star* sailed from Kusaie for the Gilbert Islands, she was compelled by the winds to pass near Ebon. Of our exciting interview with the people there, I will tell you in the next chapter.

It was on the 13th of November that I climbed almost to the top of the mast, and caught the first sight of what proved to be, for so many years, our island-home. It was Apaiang, a low coral reef, some fifty miles in circumference, enclosing one of those great lagoons which I have already described. The highest parts of this reef were only a few feet above the ocean; but on these were many cocoa-nut and pandanus trees. The lowest parts were covered with

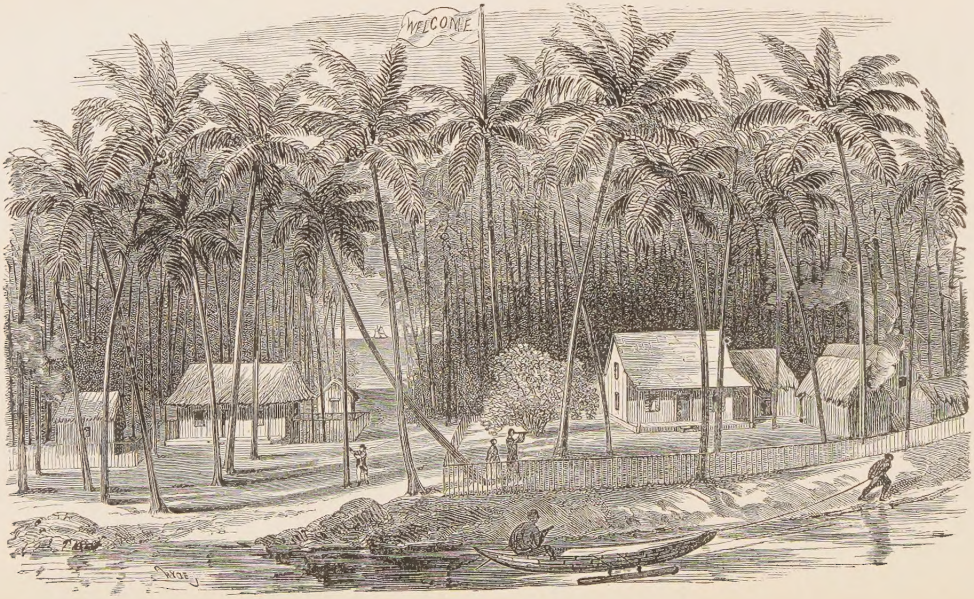
water at high tide. The lagoon was about eighteen miles long, six wide, and one hundred feet deep. The land surrounding it did not average more than a quarter of a mile in width; but on this narrow strip, such as it was, were many villages.

We landed first on an islet, belonging to the western side, where the reef is lowest. There we found a solitary old man, walking among the trees. He was the first Gilbert Islander to receive the missionaries, who had come to live among his people! On the 17th of November the *Morning Star* entered the beautiful lagoon, and came to anchor near Koinawa, the king's village, on the eastern side.

Next morning the king, at our request, came on board, and, learning something of our wishes from the Gilbert Islanders with us, he seemed pleased; and, putting his hand on me and on my lumber, he pointed to the shore. I took the hint, and the very next day we began to build. The house was twenty-four feet by sixteen, and though we took time to shingle it, much to the wonder of the natives, in less than two weeks it had been made so comfortable as to be ready for housekeeping. We afterwards painted it white, except the blinds, which were green, and put on piazzas. We called it "Happy Home."

In the picture of the station, on the opposite page, it is the largest building on the right. On the left is Kanoa's house, somewhat like it, but made chiefly of cocoa-nut wood, with pandanus thatch for roofing. The buildings from which you see smoke issuing are our kitchens. You notice that they have no chimneys, and the smoke escapes through openings in the gable-ends. Back of Kanoa's house stands a school-house, which we built for the pupils of Mrs. Bingham and Kaholo.

The water in the foreground is a part of the lagoon. See that poor woman dragging a canoe along the shore, in which her husband sits, leisurely smoking a pipe. The wind is ahead; but little does he care how hard she must



MISSION STATION AT APAIANG.

toil beneath the burning sun to tow him, as if she were a mule or donkey, to his home, some five or six miles away. Oh, how much woman, in this Christian land, owes to the Gospel! A part of this picture serves to illustrate what is mentioned on page 52.

On the 2d of December, 1857, just one year from the day of *our* departure from Boston, the *Morning Star* was ready to take *her* departure from Apaiang. And now we were to be left alone among these savages! Would they treat us kindly? Or would they steal from us, and perhaps murder us? Could we live happily among them? Should we not be very lonely? By remaining on board our little vessel, we might be carried again to dear friends. What, think you, were our thoughts in such an hour? We were glad to remain, to teach the people, and to lead them to Jesus. And while we loved your missionary packet, in which we had sailed so many thousand miles, we would not detain her longer. Getting into my little canoe, I paddled off to the shore, while the children's messenger of peace went her way on other errands of love. From that time forward, we were to have no American fellow-laborers, and yet we were not alone. The Saviour, as He had promised, was with us!

CHAPTER XI.

HER VISIT TO EBON.

EBON is one of the Marshall Islands, all of which are coral reefs. As more rain falls on them than on the Gilbert Islands, they are much more fertile, and abound, not only in cocoa-nuts and the fruit of the pandanus or screw-pine, but also in bread-fruit, and a variety of the taro, the last being a vegetable which is used much as we

use potatoes. Some bananas are also raised. Neither goats, nor sheep, nor cattle, as I have said, can live on either the Marshall or Gilbert Islands; and of course the natives never have any fresh beef or mutton or milk or butter. But in both groups dogs and rats abound, and there are some cats and fowls. Land-birds are scarce, but sea-birds are plenty everywhere.

The Marshall Islanders are bold navigators, and frequently set out in their proas, without any compass, for small islands distant a hundred miles. Sometimes they get adrift, however, and wander about over the ocean for weeks, before they find a landing-place.

It was in this way that the party of which I have spoken in another place, drifted to Kusaie, in a starving condition, and fully expecting to be put to death. But they were treated kindly, and permitted to return to their homes in peace. God had commanded the winds to take them to that distant island, that they might see what the missionaries were doing, and so be ready to welcome them. Some of these were among the people whom we met, as I have said, when sailing from Kusaie to Apaiang. We had heard much of their barbarity; for they had made a covenant of death, and had resolved that every white man who should set his foot upon their island, should be killed! Only a little while before, indeed, a vessel had been seized by them, and all the crew slain.

And now, as we saw one large proa suddenly shoot out from the lagoon, and then another and another, (in spite of the roughness of the sea,) we began to fear lest our little vessel might be seized also. What then was our sense of relief, when, as Dr. Pierson addressed the first proa that reached us in the language of Ebon, the man who was steering recognized him, and exclaimed, repeatedly, and with great joy, "Doketur! (Doctor) Doketur! Mitchinari! (missionary) Mitchinari!" All in the canoe became highly excited, laughing most joyously. The news soon spread like wildfire among the fleet of seven-

teen proas. Some of the natives soon boarded us, and when they learned that Dr. Pierson was expecting to return in the course of one or two "moons," they were greatly delighted. See a picture of this scene on the title-page.

We felt that "the set time to favor" them had come, and that the God of missions had prepared the way for His servants. Kaibuke, the head chief, welcomed the missionaries on their return from Apaiang, assuring them again that their lives and property should be perfectly safe. He told them to select any place on the island which they might prefer. He called Dr. Pierson his son, and said that any injury done to him would be regarded as done to himself. They soon chose a spot upon which to build, called by the people "Rube," and they were much pleased with the cheerfulness of the natives while assisting them in putting up their houses.

The missionaries were happy in the prospect before them, as you will judge from what Mr. Doane wrote at that time. "Let me be a missionary," he said, "a pioneer missionary, if my Master so wills it, and I ask no other, no higher employment in this world. To enter in among a people, lost, depraved, exposed to endless ruin, and tell them of the way of life, of the blessed Saviour, of the riches of his dying love, — this is all and the only work I ask for in this life."

The Marshall Islanders have been very treacherous until recently, and even now it might not be safe for white men to live on some of the islands. But Dr. Pierson, Mr. Doane, and their wives, were not afraid to be left by the *Morning Star;* and after their houses had been partially built, the vessel set out for Honolulu, Christmas, 1857. But it was a great comfort to them, I can assure you, (as it was to all of us,) that the *Morning Star* was to return next year.

CHAPTER XII.

WAITING FOR THE MORNING STAR.

As soon as we were left upon Apaiang, we began to learn the language which we were to use; but, as none of the people spoke English, it was slow work. One word after another we picked up, by pointing to this thing and that, by representing various motions, as rising up, walking, sitting down, throwing, and so on. The little children delighted in counting their fingers for us, that we might learn to count as they did. And this was what they said: "Teuana, uoua, tenua, aua, nimaua, onoua, itua, wanua, ruaiua, tebwina." Would you have ever dreamed that they were saying, "One, two, three, four," &c.?

We had hardly been in our new home three months, when a party of Gilbert Islanders from Tarawa, not far off, made an attack upon our people in a fleet of one hundred proas. Our king assembled his army about our house to await the onset, as the other party seemed to be coming directly towards us. They changed their course, however, and the battle was fought some six miles away. The king who had befriended us when we landed, was killed, but his people were victorious.

Next morning I visited the battle-ground; and there I saw among the dead six women, who had helped their husbands in the fight. We were very sorry that so many had been killed; but we were thankful that the savages had been driven off; for it is quite possible that they might have slain us, and taken possession of our little house.

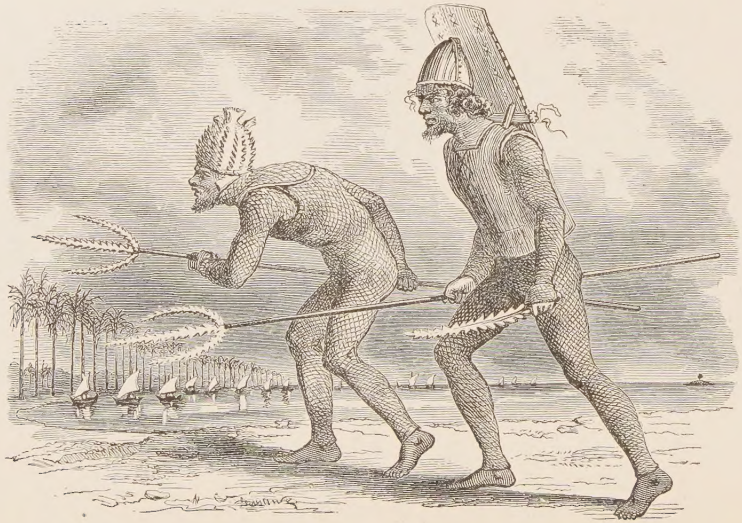
And here I must explain the engraving on the next leaf. It represents two Gilbert Island warriors, going to battle. Formerly this people had no guns, but fought with clubs and spears; and even now they like to take their old weapons into battle with them, to use when their

powder is gone. Some of the spears are armed with sharks' teeth, and are almost twenty feet long. To protect themselves they have a kind of armor, made of cocoa-nut fibre cord. A part of this resembles a great-coat; and it comes up behind their heads, to shield them from behind, or when they run. They also make coverings for their legs, arms, and head, of the same material, and still another covering for the head, of the skin of the porcupine-fish. The picture opposite is quite lifelike.

The *Morning Star* will not be here for some time. Let me take you, therefore, on a missionary tour. We put up some bread and boiled salt-beef; a little rice, and a little butter, if we have any; a saucepan, a keg of water from our well, for the water in most wells is very bad. We take a mat, a blanket or two, and loading up our little boat, which we call the *Alfred*, (for we have neither carriages, nor horses, nor mules, nor donkeys, you know,) we set off for a heathen village.

A crowd of naked men, boys, and girls meet us as we land; and we go directly to the *maneaba* of the village. The people throng about us; and we try to teach them to sing and pray, and we speak of Jesus' love. As we close our eyes for prayer, one and another shout to those near them, "Matu, matu!" ("Go to sleep; go to sleep!") meaning, "Shut your eyes." After a general commotion, in which some bow their faces to the ground, the prayer is offered. At its close, as the missionary opens his eyes, a number begin to shout, "Uti, uti!" ("Wake up, wake up!") and, with a burst of laughter, these rude worshippers sit up again.

I begin to preach. But the leading man of the village may break in upon me, by asking if I will not take a pipe. "I never smoke," is the answer. Next he may offer me some molasses and water to drink, or the milk of a green cocoa-nut. Sometimes we tell them that we have not come to eat and drink, but to teach them. It is often better, however, to stop preaching, and drink



GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

from the cocoa-nut, and then go on again. After service we often look up the blind and sick of the village, and teach them in their own houses.

We go to the next village. Perhaps we find the *maneaba* preoccupied. A man has died, and his body has been brought to the big house, and is laid out in state. Women sit by it, day after day, even for weeks. You will wonder how they *can* do so, especially in such a hot climate. Poor creatures! They think that in this way they are treating the dead man kindly. Most of the time the body is covered by a mat; and frequently beneath the same mat lies the dead man's wife, grieving over her loss. When at length the corpse is about to be buried, the wife often keeps his skull, and makes it her constant companion. (See the right-hand figure in the picture on page 51.)

A man is generally buried under his own house, and only a few inches below the surface of the ground; for the people think that if there should be room for another corpse above him, there would soon *be* another to fill the place. Sometimes, however, bodies are rolled up in mats, and laid away in a loft of the house.

When we find the *maneaba* thus occupied, the friends of the deceased are usually willing to listen to me while I urge them to prepare for death. But sometimes we find the people assembled for a feast. If they have only cocoa-nut milk to drink, or cocoa-nut molasses and water, they are generally willing to hear me speak of the land where men never hunger; and yet they may be very desirous to know what kind of food they may expect there.

If the people are drinking *mang'ing*, (fermented toddy,) some of them may be very noisy, and interrupt us while we preach to them of temperance. When they are intoxicated, they often quarrel, and kill one another; sometimes they stab themselves. When the toddy is first obtained from the bud of the cocoa-nut, which is cut twice

a day, it is pleasant and wholesome. But if it is allowed to stand three or four days, it ferments and becomes hurtful. A great deal of it, nevertheless, is drunk in the Gilbert Islands; and they need missionaries to teach them better.

When night overtakes us, we spread our mats on the ground, hang up our musquito-netting in some native house, and lie down to sleep. In the morning, perhaps, while we are eating the food which we have brought, the people will crowd around us, saying, "Kamai teutana," ("Give me a little piece.") If we refuse them, they may call us "bataoti," ("stingy.") But we could not give all of them even a little piece; if we should, our supply would soon be gone.

After several days have been spent in this way, the tour is completed, and we spread our sail for the white cottage among the cocoa-nut trees. As we cross the lagoon, we enjoy an hour of rest, which is very refreshing.

But some bright-eyed boy may say, "You have taken us on a preaching tour, but you have not told us *when* and *where* you began to preach at home." Well, I will say a word on this point just here. I had been living on Apaiang about six months, when I began to address the natives publicly in their own tongue. At first I spoke to them in the *maneaba* of Koinawa, a large village near us where the king lives. This building answered the purpose of a chapel very well; still we thought it best to build a small church, to be dedicated to the worship of the true God.

You have a picture of this building on the next leaf. We are going to church, you see; and Kanoa, my Hawaiian associate, is blowing a shell, to call the people to meeting, as we have no bell. Kanoa's wife, with one of her children, is just behind us. Be sure to look at the king, son of the one who was killed, in his long shirt, and under his umbrella. The queen will come too, for both are very regular in their attendance; and, what is better still, we hope they are Christians.

You will say, perhaps, that some things in this picture look more like breaking the Sabbath than keeping it; and you are quite right. You will learn from the scene, however, how the Gilbert Islanders dishonor God's holy day. How much they need the Gospel!

But let me proceed with my explanation. The woman whom you see is a heathen, carrying her husband's skull as she goes on a visit to some other village. A party of the natives are pressing scraped cocoa-nuts in an oil-press, to get the oil to buy tobacco with. The dog is one of the many, as heathenish as their masters, which greatly annoy us.

Three men are climbing cocoa-nut trees in as many different ways. The one at the right has notches cut in his tree, large enough to hold the second joint of the great toe. He is going after his toddy, which he will give his child instead of milk, as they have no cows or goats. The man in the middle walks up the tree in a wonderful way. If one of his hands should slip, he would fall, and perhaps break his neck. The man at the left has his feet tied together, a few inches apart; and while he holds himself away from the tree by pushing off with one arm, and clasping the other round the trunk, he draws up his feet, which easily cling to the tree by the help of the cord which binds them together; and then he straightens himself up again. The second way of climbing is the most difficult. On the right you will see a pandanus-tree. How strange its roots, which grow out of the trunk, and run off into the ground! How large the great bunches of fruit! They sometimes weigh forty or fifty pounds. When they are ripe, you can pull them to pieces, each piece being a separate conical seed some three inches long, the small end of which is fibrous, and contains a sweet juice, is chewed, and the juice is sucked out. See the great papai leaves, back of the chapel, coming up out of a pit! You would call them giant calla leaves. The papai is a root which grows in the

SUNDAY MORNING ON APAIANG.

mud, and is sometimes as large as a half-barrel. The natives eat it as a luxury.

The houses of the natives on the left have, you see, no sides, and the eaves are very low. We must always stoop to enter them, but, when we have once entered, we can see what the people are doing in the next man's house, and so on, through the village. The hut in the distance is a kitchen where poor old women are compelled to do the cooking, half-smothered by the smoke.

CHAPTER XIII.

HER YEARLY VISITS.

THE annual return of the *Morning Star* was always looked forward to with great interest. It would be difficult to say who of the missionaries wished to see her most; but I can assure my young readers that some of the most joyous days of my life were those on which she hove in sight.

The heathen children soon learned how we felt, when the time of her arrival drew near. As soon as a sail was seen in the distant horizon, a shout of "Te ro!" ("Sail ho!") was set up. Our waiting ears were not long in catching the sound, and immediately we sprang for the spy-glass. With almost breathless suspense it was directed to the far-off vessel. For a moment everybody kept still. If the "white flag" was seen at the mast-head, we were sure that she was coming; and shouts of joy, the clapping of hands, and happy faces, gave indications of the hearty welcome we were ready to give her. A large white flag, with the word WELCOME upon it, was speedily flung to the breeze from a pole tied to the top of a lofty cocoa-nut tree; and the missionaries' wives

made haste to prepare shore-comforts for the weary voyagers. The picture on page 41 will give you an imperfect idea of the scene.

Kanoa and myself, launching our little *Alfred*, went out to meet the *Morning Star* in mid-lagoon. Oh, what moments were those during which we watched the dear vessel, as steadily, but surely, we came nearer and nearer to each other! Whom shall we greet on board? The same kind captain, or some new face? What missionaries shall we find, coming to help us? What missionary father from the Sandwich Islands will counsel and encourage us? What shall we hear of fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters? Are they yet alive? And that wicked Rebellion! What battles have there been? What victories and what defeats? Oh, this dreadful suspense, when the life of our father-land is in peril!

And then there was the large mail-bag, with its many letters from the many friends who had remembered us in our loneliness. We had hardly time to think of the good things to eat which the children's vessel had brought us, — the flour and salt-beef, and potatoes, sweet and Irish, (we had eaten none for months,) the watermelons, the bananas, the oranges, the nice jars of jelly and cans of fruit which loving friends (God bless them!) had sent us. And the new clothes, and shoes, and umbrellas, were worth thinking of, had there not been so many other things of more value.

And now, as the beautiful vessel sails past our boat, a line is thrown to us. In a moment we are on board, and then the hearty shakes of the hand, the searching glances for familiar faces, the thrilling items of news! In a few moments we are at anchor off the mission premises. Friends go down with us into our little boat; the mail-bag and a few packages are put in, with a pail of potatoes for immediate use; and we pull for the shore.

Our wives watch us with intense earnestness, to see if

they can recognize those who have come so many hundreds of miles to our island home. The natives crowd down to the beach to meet us; and, taking up one parcel after another, go with us to the humble cottage of the missionary, and almost immediately fill every place available for sitting. Perhaps the missionary's wife welcomes to her door the first white woman that she has seen in nearly two years. The Hawaiian missionaries assemble with us, and thanks are returned to God for bringing the *Morning Star* once more to us in safety.

Such hours of meeting are precious, and words fly rapidly. The captain and friends visit our little schools, or attend worship in our chapel. In due time our supplies are landed; our mail to friends is put on board; and the little vessel takes her leave, to be absent again for many long, long months. Happy, golden hours! Bright sunbeams through the thick clouds of isolation! How soon they are gone! But our hearts are refreshed, and we gird ourselves anew for the work before us.

Once in two years we join the vessel, to go with her to Ponape, distant one thousand miles, to attend the meeting of the Micronesia mission. This absence of two months, much of the time being spent on board the *Morning Star*, renews our acquaintance with the little craft that brought us to our Micronesian home. We think often of those dear children that desired to help us in our blessed work of telling the heathen of the Lord Jesus Christ.

As we draw near the different stations, where our fellow-missionaries dwell, we often say, "How little do these dear friends know where the *Morning Star* is just now; and how soon their hearts will overflow with joy!" And how little did *we* know whether our friends were alive or not! For a whole year, perhaps, we had heard no tidings of them, so little intercourse is there between these islands. How eagerly did we watch the canoes, as they came to meet us, to see if they contained a brother missionary!

I well remember the sad news which we told to one brother, as he boarded us. His wife had died in Honolulu, months before! He had been waiting seven months for a vessel, which left him on Ponape, intending to call in five weeks, and take him to his invalid companion.

CHAPTER XIV.

SOME THINGS SHE BROUGHT, AND HOW WE USED THEM.

In this chapter I wish to tell you about a few of the good things which the *Morning Star* brought us. One of these was a nice surf-boat, which we called the *Star of Peace*. It was mainly purchased with money given to us by Captain Moore and his crew, when they took leave of us in December, 1857.

We had visited every part of Apaiang in the little *Alfred;* and we had even crossed in her to Tarawa, the largest island of the group, being towed by one of the great war-proas, which was bearing presents from our king to a high chief, whose two sons had been recently betrothed to two of his daughters.

But there were other islands which could not be reached in our small boat, and on which the Gospel had never been preached. To these we longed to go. One of them could be seen from the top of the cocoa-nut trees near our house; but the ocean channel was more than twenty miles wide, and the current often so swift as to make it very unsafe to venture across in the *Alfred*.

We were very glad, therefore, when the new surf-boat arrived in the *Morning Star*, and still more glad were we, when Captain Gelett said, after he had helped me rig it, that he thought I might safely cross to Marakei and Maiana; for he thought that I was a pretty good sailor.

You may be sure that I was anxious to be off as soon as possible. I went first to Tarawa, where I left Mrs Bingham, and then to Maiana. On my return from the latter, I had a much harder time than I expected. The wind was favorable when I started; but it changed afterwards, and we were greatly at the mercy of a current which was very strong. At sundown, Tarawa bore due east, about twelve miles. The wind lulled, but the sea was rough, and we were fast drifting to the westward. A fearful hour was that! No land to the leeward for more than two hundred miles! I was in just the place where Mr. Huntley went adrift, on attempting to return to Maiana, after the battle of February 19, 1858. He was picked up thirty days later, all his companions having starved to death. We had food and water to sustain life for a month; but there are times when no ship can beat up against this current.

At length, however, by dint of hard rowing, we got into stiller water, under the lee of Tarawa; and a little after midnight, we made out to reach the island. You will not wonder that we were truly joyful and thankful for our escape, from what seemed to be very great danger.

I had sometimes seen Marakei from the top of a cocoa-nut tree, and I longed to preach the Gospel there. A boat like the *Star of Peace* can seldom cross thither; but one day everything seemed to be favorable, and Kanoa and myself were soon under way. Now if you will turn to Acts xxvii. 13-15, you will see that the weather may seem to be very good for a voyage, and yet, "not long after," "a tempestuous wind" may arise. This was precisely our case. About three o'clock in the afternoon a fearful squall approached. As we were out on a wide sea, anxious to reach, before night, a strange island, with no ship channel to its lagoon, I kept on sail to the last moment, bidding one of the men "stand by the halyards," and let them go at an instant's warning.

At length I could venture no longer. We lowered

and furled our sails, and had hardly seated ourselves, when the tempest burst upon us with tremendous fury. As soon as it abated, we reefed our mainsail, and, hoisting it up a little, pushed on. The sea was beginning to run wildly, and the large billows raised their white crests around us. The *Star of Peace* had experienced no such sea as that. Suddenly a towering wave burst upon us, drenching us from stem to stern. Blinded by the spray, for the moment I hardly knew our fate. Thanks to our kind Keeper, the boat still danced on. But frightened faces turned towards me, as if to read the future in my countenance.

Just at dark, it being difficult to distinguish people on the shore, we found ourselves off a narrow break in the cocoa-nut and pandanus trees. This was the so-called boat channel, a fearful place, with billows dashing their foam against the rocks. I trembled to enter, and would not venture myself at the helm, lest I should not understand the rapid commands of the pilot, but put my old teacher at that post, and took his oar. For a moment we paused, as the billows began to lift their crests before breaking. Two large ones passed, and we sprang to our oars. In the darkness, our pilot had "headed-in" a little too soon, and in order to enter a gap between the rocks, not forty feet wide, was obliged to slant our course a little, — a most perilous feat! For an instant death seemed staring me in the face. Swimmer that I was, should we swamp, the chances for my escape were exceedingly small, as I was not accustomed to surf-swimming. But the blessed Master was with us. A small wave took us upon its crest, and we were hurried through this narrow vortex in a moment's time.

But what a sight greeted our eyes the next morning! We found ourselves upon one of the loveliest of all the coral islands. About six miles in length, from one to three in width, and enclosing a placid lagoon on all sides by wooded land, with fairy-like islets here and there, it

lay spread out before us. The Gospel light for the first time now beamed upon it. We preached in all its villages; and more than a thousand souls heard of the way of life.

In passing out of this lagoon, there was quite as much peril as there had been in passing in. But I will not describe the scene. Possibly you may think that my zeal for ocean touring in an open boat was by this time slightly cooled, or, at least, that it ought to have been. But it is hard to see a populous island without the Gospel, and not do anything for it.

Wishing to make this part of our work safer, the Sabbath School children of California sent us a larger boat than the *Star of Peace*, called the *Evening Star*. You will see a picture of her on the last page of the cover. We thank these children very much for their generous gift.

On page 17 you can see a picture of the *Star of Peace*. The scene is intended to illustrate our arrival at a heathen village. We are bound to the *maneaba*. Kanoa is the man with the umbrella. Do you see the little boys who are running towards us? They wish to find out why the *I-matang* (foreigners) have come; but perhaps they will stay and play with our boat, instead of going with us to be taught. At the left is a stout man carrying home a heavy load of cocoa-nuts and pandanus fruit on a stick across his shoulder, as neither he nor his friends have a cart or wheelbarrow.

Among other "worthy deeds" of the *Morning Star*, she has carried printing-presses to Micronesia. The story of our press at Apaiang I think will please you.

Nearly five years after we landed there, we sent a copy of the Gospel of Matthew in the Gilbert Island language to Honolulu, by the hands of Kanoa, to be printed there, as also a small hymn-book. Thirteen months later, Kanoa returned in the *Morning Star*, bringing back an edition of the hymn-book, but no printed copy of Matthew

We were very sorry, for we had often told our pupils that they would soon have an entire Gospel.

It happened that a printing-press had just been sent to us in the *Morning Star;* and so we said, "We can print Matthew for ourselves." The box which was supposed to contain the press was landed, and soon opened. We found in it a small box of types, cases, and other things used in printing, but no press! The captain felt sure that all had been landed; but I could not rest until I had boarded the vessel and inquired of the mate. He assured me that there was nothing more. As I paddled home that evening, my heart was doubly heavy, from this second disappointment.

Next morning the examination of one of our schools was held; and while this was going on, the captain came to inform me that another search for the missing press was to be made; and, in case it should be found, the Stars and Stripes would be hoisted. How great was our joy, upon leaving the school-house, to see the old flag at the mast-head!

The *Morning Star* soon left us. We had a press, but no printer. A book, however, telling us how to print had been sent, and we hoped soon to understand the business. Only two days after Captain James's departure, a boat entered our lagoon, which had gone adrift with several sailors, when trying to reach a small guano island, some forty miles from the place where they had been wrecked. For ten days they were upon the ocean, and after a voyage of six hundred miles they reached Maiana.

They rested one night, and then set out for Apaiang, in the hope of finding the *Morning Star*, and going in her to Honolulu. The current was too strong, and the wind too much ahead; so they put back, and remained five days longer. They then set out again for Apaiang, and reached us just too late! A few weeks later they had an opportunity of leaving for Sydney in a cocoa-nut oil trader.

One of the men was a printer, and he was willing to remain, and set our little press to work. In a few weeks we had Matthew ready for our pupils! Mr. Hotchkiss (for that was his name) also printed several other small books, which were greatly needed. We love to think that God sent that kind printer to us over the wide ocean, in an open boat, to help us in giving the Word of Life to the poor Gilbert Islanders.

CHAPTER XV.

MICRONESIANS WHO SAILED IN HER.

LET me tell you about some of the Micronesians who have sailed in the *Morning Star*. I will first speak of Joseph, from whom I once expected a great deal, but who afterwards disappointed me. Still I do not give him up. I often pray that he may return to the path of duty and usefulness; and I want you to pray for him too.

Only thirteen letters (a, e, i, o, u, b, k, m, n, ṅ, (ng), r, t, w) are needed for writing the Gilbert Island language. We had taught a few children to spell ba, be, &c., when one day I heard a lad whom we had never taught saying over with great rapidity, "Ba, be, bi, bo, bu; ka, ke, ki, ko, ku; ma, me," &c. I was much pleased, for I thought to myself, "This boy must be very bright;" and indeed he *was* very bright. We took great pains to teach him; and soon he learned to read and write his own language very fast.

After a while he came to live with us, with the consent of his father, a brother of the old king that welcomed us to Apaiang. We taught him English also, in the hope that he would be more useful as an assistant translator of the New Testament. But he made some curious mistakes.

He could not easily distinguish between *b* and *p*, and when he tried to read the words, "big pig," he would frequently say, "pig big." Other Gilbert Islanders would have done the same thing.

He took much interest in the various generals who were fighting to save our country, and he knew the names of several of them. On one occasion he saw in large letters, in an advertisement, the words, "General Merchandise." Having spelled them out, he asked, "Does this General command troops?" Ekeuea (for such was his heathen name) helped us very much in learning his language. After we had been at Apaiang a good while, I offered him a cent a word for all the new words he would define for us. In a few months he had give us nearly a thousand!

As he learned about the love of Jesus, he seemed very much interested; and we had good reason to think him a Christian. At his baptism he chose the name of Joseph, or, as it is written in his language, Ióteba.

We took him with us on one of our voyages to Kusaie and Ponape. He thought the Marshall Islanders hideous-looking people, with their great ear-rings and knotted hair. Their language he called "jabber." His wonder at the mountains of Kusaie (for he had never seen so much as a hill before) was very great. I rambled with him through the woods and by the running streams, of which there are none in the Gilbert Islands; and together we climbed, with great difficulty, to the top of the highest mountain. The story of this ascent he never wearied in telling his people, after his return.

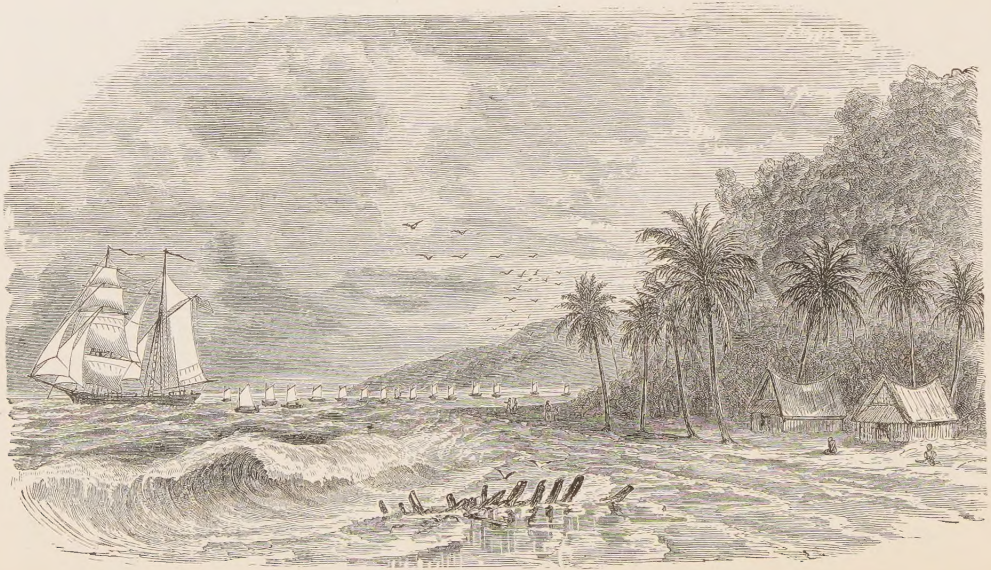
One night we heard loud crying; and we supposed it to come from some heathen child. The next morning Joseph told us that he had dreamed of seeing a savage cut off my head; and, as he awoke, the dream seemed so real, that he arose, left his little house, and sat under the cocoa-nut trees at the dead of night, to give vent to his sorrow.

He often went with me on my tours to assist in telling the people about Jesus; and they always liked to hear him. His help too, in translating portions of the New Testament, was very great He once visited Butaritari and Makin, islands where I had never preached, and, gathering many of the people together, told them the great news of salvation through Jesus Christ. The journal which he kept was very interesting.

After a time a white man gave him some liquor, and he became intoxicated. From that day he left us; perhaps he is still wandering. Will not my young friends pray that he may be brought back to the true fold? My heart yearns over him.

But let me speak of another Micronesian, whose history is more cheering, and who is now at rest with the Lord Jesus. When Mr. Snow removed from Kusaie to Ebon, in 1862, he left some thirty converts behind, with many others who loved him very much. It was a sad day for them, as I well remember, when he went on board the *Morning Star*. Many of them followed him in their canoes for a mile or two. At length they said their last "good-byes," and returned to their island-home, as sheep without a shepherd. But one of the good women, the wife of Keduka, said in her simplicity that Jesus would be their missionary now; and her words have been fulfilled He has, in very deed, taken care of them; and you will be glad to know that your little packet has several times carried Mr. Snow to them, to spend a few days, while she should be gone to Ponape. It has been very pleasant for him to make these visits; for he has always found new converts desirous of being baptized. Shall not this encourage us to plant the Gospel on every island of Micronesia?

Mr. Snow took with him to Ebon a young Christian named Selpas, to aid in making some translations, which he desired to complete for the Kusaieans. He was very helpful, and he set a good example of Christian liv-



MR. SNOW'S DEPARTURE FROM KUSAIE.

ing before the natives of Ebon. At length he became sick, and was glad to return to Kusaie before he should die. When near his native island, and very feeble, Mr Snow asked him where he wanted most to be, expecting him to say, "In Kusaie." He replied, "In heaven." Mr. Snow then asked whom he most desired to see, thinking the answer would be, "My mother;" but it was "Jesus." He was spared to reach Kusaie, and to see his mother for a few hours. Then he was taken to his home above; and there he looks upon the face of the Blessed One, singing doubtless, (as he was wont to do so sweetly upon earth, but oh, how much more sweetly now,) —

"Okasak *n*unik on nu mwo,
On nu sin Leum *s*u es la ko;
E! lu*n*sel *n*a in on nu sel
Lu*n* kula*n* Leum ma mwo nu lal."

("Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh, how free.")

On the preceding page is a picture of Mr. Snow's departure from the beautiful home of Selpas. The *Morning Star* is seen coming out of the harbor, of which I have spoken as so picturesque, and where at least two whaleships have been wrecked in trying to put to sea. In her wake is the fleet of native Christians, sadly following their teacher and friends as far as they dare.

CHAPTER XVI.

HER LAST VISIT TO THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.

I MUST now speak of the last visit of the *Morning Star* to the Marquesas Islands. Besides her usual freight, she

took out two guns, two gold watches, two silver medals and other things, a gift from President Lincoln. "But how came she, a missionary vessel, to carry such things to a heathen land," you ask, "and that too from our good President?" I will tell you.

An American whale-ship having touched at the Marquesas Islands for supplies, the first mate (Mr. Whalon) went ashore; whereupon he was seized and dragged away. Why? That he might be killed and eaten! But what had he done? Nothing. Wicked men from Peru had landed there, and stolen a number of the Marquesans, to make slaves of them. One of these poor creatures was the son of a chief. The father, of course, was very angry. He was so angry, indeed, that he resolved to kill and eat the first white men who should fall into his hands. And now the day of vengeance had come. The mate was in his power! Others would have fallen into the same snare, but for a Marquesan girl, living in the family of Kekela, (mentioned in Chapter III.,) who made signs to them to go back to their vessel, crying out, "Pull away! pull away!"

Kekela and others made haste to rescue the mate. At first the wrathful chief refused to give up his victim; but he yielded at length to Kekela's entreaties, and offered to receive as a ransom his new six-oared boat, given him by his benefactor in Boston, which he greatly prized, and greatly needed in his missionary work. But the good man did not hesitate a moment to accept the hard terms. Another chief interfered, however, and satisfied the fierce cannibal with a gun and some other things. This story was told to our kind-hearted President; and from his own money, it is said, he gave five hundred dollars to be distributed among Mr. Whalon's deliverers.

You would be glad, I doubt not, to see the letter which Kekela wrote to Mr. Lincoln; but I have room for only a part of it: —

"*Greetings to you, great and good Friend!*"

"My mind is stirred up to address you in friendship." "I greatly respect you for holding converse with such humble ones. Such you well know us to be." "When I saw one of your countrymen, a citizen of your great nation, ill-treated, and about to be baked and eaten, as a pig is eaten, I ran to deliver him, full of pity and grief at the evil deed of these benighted people."

"As to this friendly deed of mine in saving Mr. Whalon, its seed came from your great land, and was brought by certain of your countrymen, who had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I brought it to plant in this land and in these dark regions, that they might receive the root of all that is good and true, which is *love*.

"1. Love to Jehovah.

"2. Love to self.

"3. Love to our neighbor."

"This is a great thing for your great nation to boast of, before all the nations of the earth. From your great land a most precious seed was brought to the land of darkness."

"How shall I repay your great kindness to me? Thus David asked of Jehovah, and thus I ask of you, the President of the United States. This is my only payment, — that which I have received of the Lord, — *aloha*, (love.) May the love of the Lord Jesus abound with you until the end of this terrible war in your land."

Alas, that the great and good man to whom it was addressed, did not live to see this letter! When it reached Washington our whole land was in mourning.

CHAPTER XVII.

HER LAST VISIT TO MICRONESIA.

On the 17th of July, 1865, we went on board the *Morning Star* at Honolulu, not to return to the Gilbert Islands, as we longed to do, but to bid "good-bye" to our fellow-laborers who were to sail for Micronesia. Among them was Mr. Snow, who had so kindly left his work at Ebon to assist in caring for me on the passage to Honolulu. It was hard to part with your dear little vessel!

Rev. Mr. Emerson of Waialua, who sailed in her, and touched at all the stations in Micronesia, has given an account of what he saw. He first visited Tarawa, where there were two Hawaiian missionaries, Mahoe and Haina, of whom he speaks as follows: "These brethren have been about five years in this field. . . . They have erected two good-sized meeting-houses and two school-houses. . . . Their own buildings were mainly erected by their own hands, and all look neat and more comfortable than we at first enjoyed at the Sandwich Islands. . . . I could not but admire these laborers, as men and women of warm hearts and true devotion to the cause of our Lord and Master; and we shall expect to hear that He has honored them in His service."

From Tarawa the *Morning Star* went to Apaiang. I am very thankful to learn with how much interest the people heard from Mr. Snow an account of my sickness and return to this country, and to know that the king and queen continued to "run well." While Mr. Emerson saw less evidence of the Spirit's presence among the Gilbert Islanders than elsewhere, still he says, "There is much occasion to give thanks and take courage."

The prayer-meeting which Mr. Emerson attended the Wednesday evening he spent at Ebon, "was one of peculiar interest, and showed that there was a Christian feel-

ing among a people so recently heathen. Although but partially clothed, their appearance was every way becoming and decent." At an examination of the schools there were present one hundred and twenty-five pupils, of whom forty-four could repeat the Gospel of Mark. (How many in the United States can do this ?)

At Kusaie the Lord's work was advancing in a very remarkable manner. They had only a part of the New Testament; but they were studying it very carefully, Mr. Emerson says, " Not to know *whether* things are so, for of that they have no doubt, but to know *what* they are. The Gospel of John, which they have had for a year or more, is committed entirely to memory by many. That this people have simple, child-like confidence in God, is so apparent that no one can mistake it."

Leaving Mr. Snow with his people on Kusaie, the *Morning Star* went on to Ponape, where Mr. and Mrs. Sturges had been for four years alone, with more than they could do, earnestly begging for some one to come and help them. They were, therefore, very glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Doane, who were to be their fellow-laborers. Mr. Emerson spent two weeks on this island, visiting different places, and finding much to interest him in the progress of the Gospel.

Two new stations were commenced during this voyage. Kanoa and Maka were placed on Butaritari, (leaving Aumai and Kapu in charge of Apaiang,) and Kapali was transferred from Namerik to Jaluit, (leaving Kaelemakule alone.) On the former of these it was difficult to gain a foothold; but " after much talk " the king consented to receive the two Hawaiians. Mr. Snow felt that it was well Kanoa was present; for it needed " all his amiable skill " to succeed. The people feared that if the missionaries came, they would be obliged to give up all their wives but one, and that all the children would be obliged to attend schools, &c. But Mr. Snow satisfied them that no compulsion would be used.

On the 12th of December, 1865, the *Morning Star* returned to Honolulu, thus ending her voyages as a missionary vessel. She has done a noble work, and honored be her memory! Listen to the testimony of Rev. Mr. Damon, Seamen's Chaplain at Honolulu, and editor of the "Friend": "Having advocated the building of the *Morning Star*, having been present on her arrival at Honolulu in 1857, having witnessed her frequent departures for Micronesia and Marquesas, having welcomed her arrival from those distant missionary fields, having once made a delightful voyage in her through the Micronesian Islands, and having been fully conversant with the management of the little craft, during the entire period that she has been sailing in the service of missions, it affords me much pleasure in bearing testimony to the great assistance which she has rendered the missionary cause. A great and good work has been accomplished by her aid. The hundred thousand stockholders could not have invested their 'dimes' in a more paying enterprise."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONCLUSION.

I HAVE now told my story. But before we bid adieu to our little vessel, let us take a parting glance at the work which the *Morning Star* has helped the missionaries, American and Hawaiian, to do. Of their labors in reducing four languages to writing, in translating portions of the Scriptures into as many tongues, and in preparing good books in the same, I cannot speak at length.

We have seen that when the *Morning Star* first visited Micronesia not a single convert had been baptized. Only a few pages had been printed, and that in a single language. Now two Gospels have been printed in the Marshall Island and Kusaiean languages, one quarter of the

New Testament in the Gilbert Island language, more than one Gospel in the Ponapean, to say nothing of hymn-books, primers, and other books in all the four languages.

Go with me to Ponape, and let Mr. Sturges point you to more than two thousand persons, who "are now by choice and in their sympathies on the Lord's side." "There is much light on our little island," he says. "Everywhere the people are eager to hear the truth. One entire tribe has abandoned heathenism and declared itself 'missionary.'" Places and objects, once held sacred, are now treated with scorn. "The highest priests tell me, and tell the crowd, that their gods and their teachings were all false. Every available reader is put to work in teaching 'the book;' and it is very gratifying to see the progress many are making." He can point you to large congregations, "clothed and in their right mind." He can show you his churches with nearly two hundred church-members, whom he believes to be true Christians.

And now Mr. Snow will wish you to visit Kusaie, that you may see the people whom he left nearly four years ago. He can show you a Sabbath-school of one hundred and eighteen pupils, of all ages, sitting in little circles on the floor, some of the classes touching the backs of others, and yet with no disturbance or confusion. He can point you to groups of Christians hungry for the Word of Life, lying around their little jacket-lamps at night, working their way through the new Gospel of Matthew or the new hymn-book, just taken out to them in the *Morning Star*. He will tell you that he never made a tour of the island when he found so much to cheer his heart. Of the people he will bear this striking testimony: "Formerly stupid as death, indifferent as the grave, they are now intensely interested in the Word and the Work of Life."

And you must go to Ebon also, and see the little church gathered among those wild savages, to whom the *Morning Star* took Dr. Pierson and Mr. Doane in 1857. When once on the Marshall Islands, however, you may be sure that the Hawaiian missionaries will hold you fast,

till you shall have looked in upon their congregations and their schools. But you will be richly repaid for the delay, when you hear Aea (who is supported by the children of American missionaries at the Sandwich Islands) asking you, as he does his patrons, to praise God with him by singing a Hawaiian hymn, (227 or 161 \ on account of his converts, beloved of Christ, who are valiant soldiers of the cross. He will say of them, "They are very bold in their work. If they meet a person in the road or elsewhere, they stop him and propose to hold a meeting. . . . They exhort their chiefs, having no fear of men, but remembering Him who is able to destroy the soul in hell."

I could wish to show you some fruit on the Gilbert Islands, but I have said enough. The good work is still going forward. The harvest is ripening, and soon, we trust, these isles of Micronesia will be full of the praise of our Saviour King, to whom be all the glory!

And now, my dear young friends, I must bid you "farewell." Very pleasant has it been for me to do what I have done, in telling you the story of your vessel. I *love* the *Morning Star*, my home for so many months upon the deep, when about my Master's business. Many a thrill has she sent through my heart. By the blessing of God she has saved my life. Why should I not love her, and her owners too? Why should I not, with a full heart, tell them of her, — of the good she has done to me, to my companions, and to the dying heathen? How could I consent to part with her, except in the confident hope that soon another and better "children's vessel" would be ready to bear me hence again,

"Far in heathen lands to dwell,"

her sails filled with the breath of prayer from ten times ten thousand youthful hearts! Gentle reader, farewell!

"And when our labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more, —
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus, Lord of all!"

APPENDIX.

SPECIMENS OF MICRONESIAN LANGUAGES.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE GILBERT ISLAND LANGUAGE.

Tamara are i karawa, e na tabuaki aram. E na roko ueam: E na tauaki am taeka i aon te aba n ai aron tauana i karawa. Ko na aña-nira karara ae ti a tau iai n te boṅ aei. Ao ko na kabara ara buaka-ka mairoura n ai arora ṅkai ti kabara te buakaka mairouia akana ioawa nako ira. Ao tai kairira nakon te kaririaki, ma ko na kamaiuira man te buakaka; ba ambai te uea, ao te maka, ao te neboaki, n aki toki. Amene.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE MARSHALL ISLAND LANGUAGE.

Jememuij i l*o*n, en kwojarjar et*o*m. En itok am aili*n*. Jen k*o*mon-m*o*n ankil am i l*o*l enw*o*t dri l*o*n. Ranin, letok *n*on kim kijim ranin: Im jolok amuij jerawiwi, enwot kimuij jolok an armij jerawiwi jen kim. Im jab tellok *n*on mon, ak drebij kim jen nana. Bwe am aili*n*, im kajur, im wijtak in drio. Amen.

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE KUSAIEAN LANGUAGE.

Papa tumus su in kosao, *E*'los oal payi. Togusaï lalos tuku. Orek ma nu fwalu, ou elos oru in kosao. Kite kit len si i*n*i ma kut m*o*n*o* misi*n*i: *A* nunok munas nu *s*es ke ma koluk las, oanu kut nunok munas sin met orek ma koluk nu *s*es. *A* tiu kol kit kut in mel, *a* es kit la liki ma koluk, tu togusaï lalos, *a* ku, *a* mwolanu, ma patpat. Amen.

FIRST VERSE OF "THERE IS A HAPPY LAND," IN THE PONAPEAN LANGUAGE.

"Uaja kajalelia,
Meto, meto,
Uaja en ani mau,
Marain, marain;
Ar kaul mekajalel,
Jijuj kom kamauri kit,
Kitail kaul laut er kaul,
Kaul meuare."

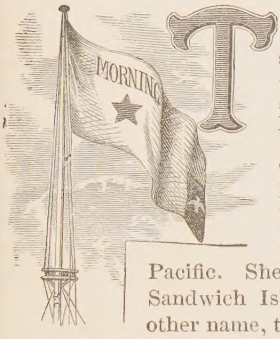
SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING

STORY OF THE MORNING STAR.

SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING

STORY OF THE MORNING STAR.

1866–1883.



THE "Children's Ship," after she had sailed prosperously for ten years, as described in the preceding "Story," became so worn that it was deemed best to dispose of her and build another vessel better adapted to the work among the islands of the Pacific. She was therefore sold at the Sandwich Islands and after taking another name, the *Harriet Newell*, she went to sea and was never heard from again. The dear old name of *Morning Star* was kept for the new ship which, in May, 1866, the children were asked to build. Aside from a multitude of individuals, two thousand Sunday-schools cheerfully responded to the call. It was supposed that, in addition to the money received for the old *Star*, about $13,000 would be needed, and it was proposed to devote all gifts beyond this sum to a fund to be used in keeping the vessel in repair. By September of that year the offerings for this purpose amounted to over $24,000, and

sums kept coming in for two years, until the whole amount contributed was $28,696.37.

The vessel was built at East Boston, and sailed on November 13, 1866, under command of Rev. Hiram Bingham, the Micronesian missionary who wrote the preceding story of the first *Morning Star*. Mr. Bingham proved his fitness for the task committed to him, by bringing the new *Star* safely around Cape Horn and into Honolulu Harbor on March 15, 1867, after a very short passage of 122 days. Two thousand Hawaiian Sunday-school children marched to the wharf to see "their ship"; for three or four thousand out of one hundred and fifty thousand of her stockholders were Hawaiians.

It was on March 28, 1867, that the *Star* began her missionary work in the Pacific, still sailing under command of Captain Bingham. The plan for her yearly trip is to go from Honolulu first to the Gilbert Islands, although they are the southernmost group, lying directly under the equator. This is in order to take advantage of prevailing winds and currents. Then she sails northwest nearly a thousand miles to Ponape, taking the other mission islands on the way. Since Micronesia began to have foreign missions of her own, the *Star* has gone from Ponape to the Mortlocks, and the missionaries wish she had time to go still further. Often the loved and longed-for ship has to wait becalmed, miles out from the anchorage, drifting about helplessly under the tropical sun. This sadly delays her work. In one of her "reports" to her youthful owners, the *Star* says: "I came down *flying* from Ponape — I am going back 'wallowing.' I am doing the very best I can, and am glad no one complains at my slow progress. The only approach to complaint is the natural remark, which rather mortifies me: 'Now is the time for a steamer,

O, for the power of steam!' Well, *I* am sorry, and would gladly do better. I am thinking of the dear ones at Ponape and Ebon, waiting for my return."

On coming back to Honolulu this year, 1867, the *Star* took Mrs. Snow and her children on their homeward way to America, leaving Mr. Snow alone at Ebon. Mrs. Snow had been sixteen years absent from her native land. Ponape was then reported as having nine meeting-houses, six or seven hundred readers, and 176 church members. The whole number of converts on all the islands that year was 144; from the first, 459; and foundations had been laid for yet more glorious things.

In 1868, Captain Bingham's health obliged him to give up the command of the *Star*. It was arranged that he should go down yearly to the Gilbert Islands, to give counsel and assistance, but spend the rest of the year at Honolulu, translating the Bible and preparing other books for the natives.

THE MORNING STAR IS WRECKED.

The little ship kept on her way prosperously until October 18, 1869. That day, having finished her Micronesian work for the year, she left Kusaie for Honolulu. Messrs. Snow and Sturges were on board for their return to America, and all were in buoyant spirits. At evening prayer they joyfully sang "Homeward Bound," but the Captain found when he went on deck after supper that the *Star* had been working in towards the island and was dangerously near the reef. She had got into a strong current. Boats were lowered and began towing her off shore. An anchor was let go in twenty fathoms of water and held her till a severe squall came up. Preparations had been made to slip the cable, in case the wind should favor, and try to shoot out clear of the reef with the fore and aft sails. But in trying to effect this

after the squall, instead of shooting ahead, she only sagged off and soon struck the reef, broadside on. The surf was heavy, the shore rocky, and all hope for the vessel was gone.

The missionaries and all on board got safely to land in a boat, though with great peril of their lives; they also saved some of their effects and the ship's chronometers and charts. After a long month of waiting, they took passage in the *Annie Porter* and reached Honolulu, February 8, 1870.

When the news of the wreck of the *Star* reached America, her young owners were invited to give $10,000 towards replacing her. Her insurance was $18,000. Mrs. Sturges wrote a letter asking "all the bright-eyed, generous boys and girls," to gather up their pennies and pour out the contents of their banks. "At this holiday season," she said, "when you are all wanting to make Christmas and New Year's presents, you have use for all your money. But will not this missionary ship be a *noble* New Year's gift to all of us — your uncles and aunts, and thousands of dark-skinned cousins off in the wide Pacific?"

The children again responded to the call and a new *Morning Star* was begun at East Boston. But even under the efficient supervision of the Hon. Alpheus Hardy, it takes time to build a ship. So, in 1870, there was no beautiful *Star* to visit the far-off isles, bearing life, and comfort, and joy. The ship *Annie* took down supplies for the Hawaiian teachers and for Mr. Doane, and brought back Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, who had gone to Apaiang in the United States ship *Jamestown*. Mr. Doane was the only American missionary in Micronesia for a part of that year. Yet, alone on Ponape, the Lord gave him unusual joy and success in his work, the Divine Spirit working with him, so that at every communion he

received new Christians to the church — one hundred in all.

Meanwhile, a strong and beautiful but plain ship was finished at East Boston, and sailed on February 27, 1871, under the command of Captain Matthews, for Honolulu. There the returning missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Snow, Mr. and Mrs. Sturges, Mrs. Doane, and Mr. and Mrs. Bingham, with Mr. and Mrs. Whitney as reinforcements, were awaiting her. They had arrived, via San Francisco, the morning of July 3d, and the *Star* came booming around into Honolulu Harbor, with the flags flying and all sails set, that very afternoon!

JOYFUL WELCOME TO THE NEW SHIP.

One can imagine the delight of the missionaries. They hastened on board. Mr. Snow wrote: "After trying our voices and our hearts in 'The Morning Light is Breaking,' Mr. Sturges proposed that our thanks be offered in humble prayer to the kind Preserver; in which Brother Bingham led us, renewedly consecrating the dear vessel to her blessed work of love and mercy among the islands. She is pronounced a success. How joyously all we Micronesians take her to our hearts! Precious treasure for our beloved work. God bless her, and her thousands of owners! How often the expression is heard, 'How like the one that we lost! It almost seems as if she had risen from her watery grave!'"

And so, in the summer of 1871, a third *Morning Star* dawned on the waiting isles. We who have never known such isolation as Mr. Doane's cannot conceive with what feelings he wrote: "The *Morning Star* reached us on the 13th of September, bringing me Mrs. Doane. How can I thank the Master of all for his care over her! and how can I thank sufficiently the dear children at home for building the new ship, fitting her up so beautifully and

sending her forth on her errand of mercy! And I trust our young friends will not think they can send anything too beautiful to help advance our Saviour's cause. He himself is the One altogether lovely. Let me thank the children for this gift, and beg for one other — that they will give themselves to Jesus to be his soldiers, and to plant his banner on many a wild, heathen shore."

WEARY WAITING.

The next year, 1872, the 27th of August had dawned upon Ebon when Mr. Snow wrote: "Not a word from home since we left San Francisco, in June of last year, until yesterday, when the *Narragansett* brought American papers. We shall get accustomed to delays in our mail department, one of these days or years, perhaps, so that we shall be more patient. But those dear children! the parental heart cannot well restrain the yearning for some word to break the long silence, that we may at least know whether they yet live. We are trying to learn yet more of that 'Like as a Father,' and of the blessing those receive who not having seen have yet believed."

But the *Star* came at last and brought good news, and found the good work going on. From year to year the joy of Christ and his salvation had been spreading among the Gilbert and the Marshall Islands. And natives of Ponape had been in training to become themselves missionaries to the isles beyond. Indeed, two Ponape teachers had been placed on Mokil, and an effort made, in 1871, to land a couple on Pingelap, but the king refused them admission. A white man had hired him to exclude missionaries for ten years, fearing that his wicked deeds would be hindered or reproved. However, two Pingelap people had strayed away to Ponape, and there heard the glorious tidings of God and their Saviour.

They believed and accepted the truth, went home to Pingelap, and induced their people to throw away every idol. The whole population joined in building the largest church in Micronesia and also a large school-house, where they all gathered for instruction. They were waiting for missionaries.

MISSIONS OF THE PONAPE BOARD.

In 1873, the *Star* went on to Mokil and found the whole adult population waiting to be baptized! At Pingelap she was welcomed by a thousand people, with every demonstration of joy. "I could not restrain the flow of tears," wrote Mr. Sturges of this scene, "as I saw such a mass of humanity, very many with long beards white as the driven snow, and as many as four hundred children seated so prettily before the stand, and all so orderly. I had to explain the cause of my tears. I told them I was thinking of their sending me away two years ago. *Then* I wept in grief for them; now it was joy. They said, 'We did not know then; now we know.' And they promised to feed the Ponape teachers the *Star* had brought for them, and be father and mother, brothers and sisters, to them. 'We all will make them ours,' said they."

On the same trip, the missionaries settled on the Mortlock Islands three couples of their Ponape children, among whom was the beloved Princess Opatinia, with her husband Opataia. After returning to Ponape, Mr. Sturges wrote: "Home again, with hearts full of praise to Him who has so kindly watched over us and our dear *Morning Star*, and, more especially, who has granted us open doors to such interesting people. Ponape has now teachers among the heathen, and our churches will feel a new life." Mr. Doane wrote: "The teachers had only to knock; none were refused; the natives promising to

PRINCESS OPATINIA.

care for them as their own, furnishing food and dwellings without pay. It was a cheering thought all along that this is the year of Ponape's majority — twenty-one in her life of possessing Christian teachers. It made us feel strong to see how in this majority-year the young mission was girding herself for the work of Christ, and sending forth some of her most chosen sons and daughters. Let me shout out, All hail and all praise to the youthful builders of the *Morning Star!*"

In 1874, three new American missionaries, with their wives, gladdened the hearts of the lone workers in Micronesia. Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were stationed at Apaiang, and Messrs. Logan and Rand at Ponape. But alas! Mrs. Taylor lived only a few weeks. At Pingelap a vast throng of people greeted the *Star*, and Messrs. Sturges and Doane organized a church of seven members, at Satoan, Mortlock Islands. Opataia and "his queen-wife, looking every bit a queen," awaited them on the beach, and led them to their tidy and home-like house. All the three Ponape teachers had learned the new language of their islands, and had good meeting-houses and attentive congregations. "It seemed more like a dream than a reality," wrote the missionaries, "to find our spiritual children, so recently boys and girls in the filth of heathenism, now these men and women, all appearing well and more than happy in their high calling as messengers of Christ."

RESULTS OF LABOR.

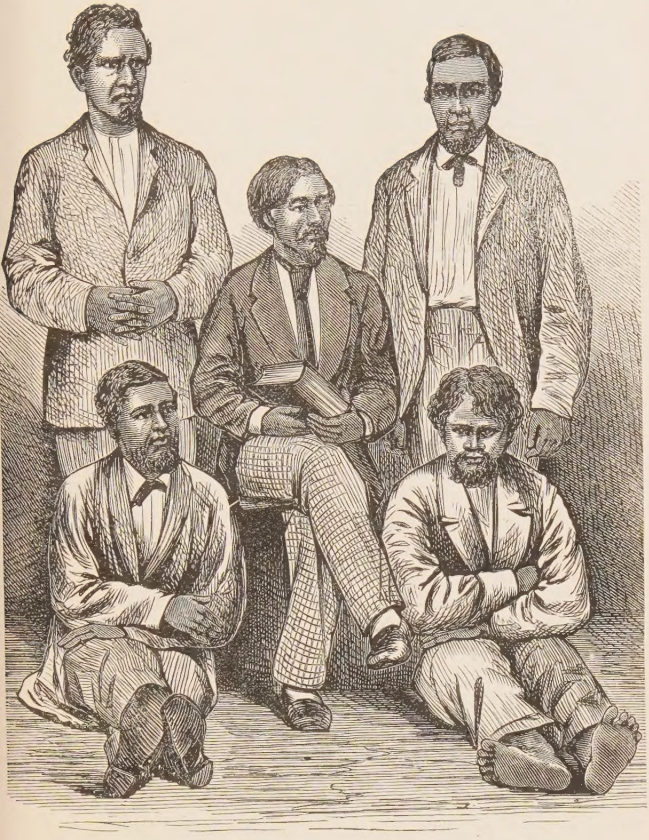
Mr. Doane went to Honolulu in the *Star* that year, 1874, and there reported the results of twenty-one years labor in Micronesia. "Four dialects had been reduced to writing and into all of them the New Testament, or portions of it, had been translated; 2,500,000 pages of school-books and of the Scriptures had been printed.

There were three training-schools, and twenty churches with a membership of one thousand, giving forty-five conversions for each year of labor. These churches had sent forth ten native teachers, and, in 1874, had contributed nearly a thousand dollars at the Monthly Concerts."

In 1875, there were three churches of thirty-eight communicants organized at the Mortlock Islands, and at Pingelap one hundred and six members were received to the church.

In 1876, still greater things were done by these Ponape Foreign Missions. The Mortlock Christians received the missionary visitors and the *Star* with overflowing joy. Four more churches were established, making seven in all, with an aggregate of two hundred and ninety-eight members, and not one of the converts baptized by the missionaries the year before had died, not one had gone astray, and every one had abandoned his pipe! At Pingelap "two hundred candidates were waiting to be received into the fold." A glorious day seemed dawning throughout Micronesia.

Eight more churches were organized among the islands in 1877, and over five hundred new members were received. Of the four hundred people at Kusaie, one hundred were church members. At Oniop, Mortlocks, the young church parted with its beloved teachers, given them only a year before, in answer to loud calls from heathen islands beyond. At first the people argued against this and discussed it till ten o'clock at night. Then they separated, all agreeing to pray much through the night to Christ for light. Next morning they met by themselves, and soon sent a note to Mr. Sturges, which read thus: "Are the teachers ours that we should hold on to them? They belong to Jesus. If he wants them we would not keep them." These islanders had followed the *Star*, the year before, day after day in their canoes, pleading for teachers; had built them a



NATIVE PONAPE MISSIONARIES AT THE MORTLOCK ISLANDS.

model parsonage, and had most lovingly cared for and fed them. But the Gospel light they had received taught them to make sacrifices for those still in darkness.

In 1878, Captain Isaiah Bray took command of the *Morning Star*, and she visited twenty-five islands. Again native teachers were removed from weeping, yet consenting, churches to heathen islands beyond. At one new island the people held up both hands in token that they would protect and support teachers; "*keeping* their hands up, seeming to think that the longer they held them up the surer they were of getting the teachers." Hundreds of natives rushed into the water and literally carried the *Star's* boat to dry land.

RECENT RESULTS.

The additions to Micronesian churches, reported in January, 1880, were four hundred and forty-eight; in 1881, eight hundred and twelve. The *Star* has extended her trips to the great Ruk lagoon. Wonderful progress, amid various reverses, toils, hardships, and wearing delays, has continued to be the law of the mission life. Dr. and Mrs. Pease, and Mr. and Mrs. Walkup, have been added to the corps of laborers, and from time to time missionaries have, for various reasons, been withdrawn. The second Mrs. Taylor and the beloved veteran Mr. Snow have laid down the blessed work for the glorious rest. After Mr. Snow's death his faithful wife and fellow-worker returned to her solitary Kusaiean home, accompanied by Miss Cathcart, but illness soon obliged her to retire. In 1882, Mr. Sturges, who had been in America on account of ill-health, returned to Ponape, although Mrs. Sturges was unable to accompany him. Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Houston and Miss Fletcher went with him. Mr. Doane remains at his post. Mr. Logan returned to this country in 1882, after a fearful experience of sickness, brought on by lack of proper food

at the Mortlocks, and of delays in reaching Auckland by a little trading-vessel. It was thought he would die if he waited for the coming of the *Morning Star*. Indeed the *Star's* long delays, in consequence of calms and contrary winds and currents, have been all along a trying and a dangerous thing for the missionaries. The increasing work at new islands is also too great to be done in time to allow the *Star* to return to Honolulu and be back again the next year with supplies. The missionaries are eager for a steamer and their friends desire it as earnestly. But the expense of procuring and maintaining a steamer is very great.

The present vessel is a brig, 98 feet long, with breadth of beam 26 feet, and measuring 181 tons.

During her trip last year the *Star* had, besides her captain and two mates, a crew of eight men, seven of them Hawaiians and one a Caroline Islander. The cook and steward were both Chinamen. Excepting these Chinamen, all were professed Christian men. This year (1883) a compromise has been decided on for the present. A steam-launch is to be provided, to be carried ordinarily on the deck of the *Morning Star*; and to be taken out for towing the vessel into lagoons, for landing passengers and supplies, and also in case of calms, or when the ship is in danger of drifting upon the reefs. Before long the *Star* will be worn out. She may then be replaced by a ship with sails and also with auxiliary steam, and of sufficient capacity to do all needed work more thoroughly than has been possible hitherto.

HOW IT LOOKS TO THE MISSIONARIES.

An honored missionary lady writes feelingly of the need of such additional facilities: "The present *Morning Star* has reached the limit to which she can go. The dark islands beyond Ruk are calling; must we turn a deaf ear to their cries for light? Must the work of the Lord

there be thus crippled and hampered, and done in the slow way of a hundred years ago, in this age of science, and steam, and telegraphy, and when, in Christian America, men everywhere in the world's business have all the appliances for convenience and speed which wealth can furnish? Are men more plenty than money? Is it easy to find those who are ready to go to that most isolated field, where mail and supplies come but once a year? And should not those who remain at home see to it that their representatives out on these far-away picket-posts are supplied with every means to make their work effective and with that which will minister to their health and comfort? I confess, too, that what I have seen and felt moves me in this matter. In a voyage to Micronesia I have endured a thirty day's calm. While we were living at the Mortlock Islands my husband was prostrated by overwork and insufficient food, and there was less than half a loaf of bread between us and hunger, and this because the *Morning Star* was delayed by calms in getting to us with supplies. Later we took a weary, seasick voyage of fifteen days which, with a limited supply of steam, might easily have been accomplished in four days. Still later, we had another long and dreary voyage of seventy-nine days: days full of discomfort and of anxiety, and of peril to at least one life: days in which I saw my children look with eager, hungry eyes for nourishing food which they could not have, and turned away to hide my tears. It is not easy to speak of all this. Missionaries do not commonly bring to the front their trials and privations; nor would I, but for the needs of the cause in Micronesia. I bring this before you because I believe that Christians at home will act upon it when they understand it." Will not the churches and the children justify this confidence, and be ready in due time to build a vessel with steam-power attached, to carry the messengers of life to the islands of the Pacific?

SECOND SEQUEL TO THE

STORY OF THE "MORNING STAR."

SECOND SEQUEL TO THE STORY OF THE "MORNING STAR." 1885.

THE story of the first *Morning Star* was written by Rev. H. Bingham, Jr., in 1866. Seventeen years later, in 1883, a sequel was added giving the history of the building of the second vessel in 1866, of her wreck in 1869, and of the construction of a third vessel of the same name, which, at the time the sequel was written, had been twelve years in service. Another sequel must now be written, for the third *Morning Star* is a wreck on Kusaie, while the fourth *Morning Star* has been built, and has sailed away for service among the far-off islands of the Pacific.

First the story of the wreck of the third vessel must be told.

THE WRECK OF THE THIRD "MORNING STAR."

The packet had sailed from Honolulu June 22, 1883, on her annual voyage, and had nearly finished her work for the year, having made two tours through the Gilbert and Marshall groups, with the usual round by way of Ponape and the Mortlocks and Ruk. Captain Garland, who was in command during the temporary absence of Captain Bray in the United States, gives the following account of the wreck: —

"At seven o'clock, A.M., February 22, we were off the harbor of Kusaie, with a light wind from the northeast. I stood in toward the entrance, hoping that, as we neared the land, the wind would veer, and enable us to sail in.

As it did not, I tacked off shore and sent the second mate in a boat with a line to make fast to a kedge just at the entrance of the passage. (We have four stationary kedges here to help warping in or out.) When the line was fast to the kedge I tacked and stood in for the harbor, shortening sail as I went. We got hold of the line all right, and made it fast, and immediately sent the boat with another kedge and line farther up the harbor, in the meantime clewing up all the sails except the mainsail. About this time the wind began to freshen, but was not strong at any time during the day. There was quite a heavy swell that morning on account of which it was not safe to anchor on the point of reef at the windward side of the entrance, as we sometimes, but not always, have done. It was also flood tide, which was favorable as long as we had hold of the line.

"We had been hanging by the line for, say, ten or fifteen minutes, when it suddenly slackened, and then became taut. This was repeated several times. As the vessel was going astern in the meantime I supposed the kedge had pulled through the reef. If we had been in shallow water I would have let go an anchor instantly, but that was out of the question, for we were in thirty-five fathoms, and so near the breakers that to give her chain enough to hold would surely have placed her on the rocks.

"As soon as I felt sure the kedge was loose I let go the line and tried to box her round, head to north, on the starboard tack. She went the other way in spite of all we could do. I then let the mainsail run down, and set the jibs and lower topsail to help her, but before she could turn the swell threw her head on to the rocks, striking three times heavily. The first two seas broke over the stern. The third threw her broadside on to the reef, head to the north, each succeeding wave carrying her farther up the reef.

"The whole thing was done in less than five minutes. . . . We then got the boat alongside and landed the passengers, chronometers, etc. Then we began with the provisions, and saved most of them. We also saved some of the sails, boats, oars, etc. We had but very little freight on board and most of it was saved, more or less damaged by water."

After the wreck Captain Garland and Mr. Rand remained on Kusaie for six weeks, when they decked over one of their boats and, with supplies for two months, set sail for Ponape. Reaching that island in safety, Captain Garland took passage in a vessel bound for Hong-Kong, and so reached the United States, bringing the news of the wreck. Even before these tidings had reached Honolulu a vessel had been chartered to take Mr. and Mrs. Logan and Miss Palmer to Micronesia, together with needed supplies for the American and Hawaiian missionaries.

A NEW VESSEL, "MORNING STAR" NUMBER FOUR.

It was most providential that some months before the wreck of the *Star* occurred, plans had been made for the construction of another vessel, so that by the time the tidings of the loss reached the United States the new craft was well on toward completion. It had been foreseen, in view of the growing work in Micronesia, that a larger vessel was absolutely necessary; and on account of the calms and currents prevailing in the Pacific, and the special peril connected with entering lagoons by sailing-vessels, it was deemed desirable that auxiliary steam-power should be secured.

In December, 1883, therefore, an appeal was issued to the children and youth of the land for $45,000, the sum necessary to build the vessel demanded. Responses, in the form of pledges of aid, came so speedily that two

THE FOURTH "MORNING STAR."

months after, in February, 1884, it was announced that the Prudential Committee felt warranted in deciding to build the vessel at once. The contract was made with the New England Shipbuilding Company, of Bath, Maine, and on Wednesday, August 6, 1884, after prayer and song, and amid the cheers of some two thousand people, the *Morning Star* Number Four glided into the waters of the Kennebec River. Honorable Alpheus Hardy, chairman of the Prudential Committee, who had special charge of the construction of the vessel, wrote the following letter to her stockholders describing their ship: —

"*To Sabbath-school Children, Owners of the Missionary Packet, Morning Star:* —

"Your ship is afloat, launched into her new home, and she looks far happier and more beautiful on the quiet Kennebec than when perched upon wooden blocks in the shipyard. The launching of a ship, large or small, is always a stirring and interesting event. The gifted son of Maine was inspired by it, and described it in poetry and song. But the launching of your ship is invested with more than ordinary interest. I doubt if any ship ever had so many owners, of such age and character. She is unlike other ships in that she is not 'for sale or charter.' She is not, after reaching Honolulu, 'for freight or passage.' The cargo and passengers are all of a unique character. She is laden with 'Good News,' 'Glad Tidings,' 'Peace on earth and goodwill to men.' Her passengers are to be messengers of peace, and her destination 'the isles of the sea,' and these isles shall be made glad because of her coming.

"This *Morning Star* is about three times as large as the first missionary packet, and is more than twice as large as either of the last two — the first being about one hundred and fifty tons, the last two nearly two

hundred tons; this one, by old or carpenter's measurement, is four hundred and thirty tons. If the room gained by the hurricane-deck were added, it would, by the same measurement, make her about four hundred and seventy-one tons. She is also unlike her predecessors in her rig. They had but two masts; this one three. (See your certificates of stock.) They had but one deck; this one two, there being over the maindeck a light one which, like an awning, will shield those on board from the scorching sun and other exposures in the tropics. This awning is called, in marine language, a 'hurricane-deck,' affording a fine opportunity for exercise and observation. Between it and the maindeck are cabins, cookhouse, sailors' forecastle, besides ample room for the needed supplies for the missionaries and the native converts, such as clothing, lumber for their school-houses, chapels, etc. The state-rooms for the missionaries are large, airy, and healthful, and in all the details of construction it has been the aim of the Prudential Committee to provide for the health of the missionaries, the native teachers, and all on board. Unlike her predecessors, she has limited steam-power, to be used only in calms and adverse currents, thus avoiding the perils which have caused the loss of the last two packets. The Prudential Committee would gladly have avoided the heavy expense necessary to provide and maintain steam-power, but the dangerous navigation, the long delays caused by calms, with the urgent calls to extend the mission work to distant islands, compelled them to provide it. They will, however, give instructions that steam shall be employed only when positively needed, and in harmony with our missionary policy of strict economy.

"You should be congratulated, children, on the high privilege accorded you in building this vessel. No other of our mission fields requires a little ship, and by the

time yours is too old for service, it is quite certain the channels of commerce, created and made inviting by missionary work, will be filled with suitable conveyances, not our own, and far less expensive. You are all missionaries. A ship-owner is a trader with all the countries to which he sends his ships. You are missionaries to all the islands to which you send the *Star*, specifically so. Your contribution is not merged in the great treasury of the American Board, but it is in the *Morning Star*, and she, whether in port or at sea, is doing your work, conveying missionaries, with supplies for body, mind, and soul, to a multitude of human beings, each of whom will have occasion to say of you: 'I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; naked, and ye clothed me; I was in prison [in my lonely isle], and ye came unto me,' bringing Christian knowledge, and civilization, and hope. In no sense do those who sustain missionaries do so more directly than you are doing. In sending your ship you send your money again and again. She courses, visits, works for you, while you study, play, or sleep. And in all your growing youth, while preparing for active, individual service in life, your ship will be repeating its mission to the islanders, who live ignorant of most of the abundant blessings you enjoy.

"One thing more. Follow your white-winged floating messenger with your daily prayers for her safety and success.

"Your fellow-laborer,

"ALPHEUS HARDY."

THE CAPTAIN'S DESCRIPTION.

A more technical description of the new vessel, covering some matters not alluded to in Mr. Hardy's letter, was prepared by Captain Bray, and is here given:—

"The first feature to attract attention is the figure-head, standing prominently out under the bowsprit. It is a life-sized figure of a woman, with a simple crown, ornamented with a small gilt star. She points with the index finger of the right hand to the words of the open Bible held in the palm of the left hand. As viewed from the exterior all judges pronounce the vessel 'a beauty' in lines and model. The white stanchions and plates of the hurricane-deck, resting upon the main-rail, and extending from the fore to mizzen-rigging, add greatly to the beauty and symmetry of the whole.

"Proceeding on board to the afterpart of the vessel, we stand upon a small quarter-deck, extending from taffrail to mizzen-rigging. From the quarter-deck a companionway leads to the cabin. It is built in a house thirty-six by twenty feet, with large sliding windows and blinds upon each side. Upon either side of the after-companionway is the entrance to the respective toilet-rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and next forward is the saloon, extending from side to side of the house, with stationary sofas upon each side. From this saloon a state-room upon either side is entered, while in the centre, through a curtained alcove, is the entrance to the forward cabin, or dining-room, upon the port side of which are two state-rooms, and upon the starboard side a pantry and another state-room.

"Both cabins are lighted through skylights above, and are finished neatly and substantially in polished ash and black walnut. Each state-room is supplied with berths. drawers, washstand, chair, mirror, and every convenience. At the forward end of the cabin a companionway leads to the upper-deck on the port side, and a door to the maindeck on the starboard side. Upon the main-deck, between the houses, is the mainhatch and engine-room, upon either side of which are large, cool accommodations for the native passengers and teachers, where

large swinging ports can be opened or closed as wind and weather require. Next is the forward-house, thirty by twenty feet, with a covered passage and large windows upon both sides. It contains a storeroom, kitchen, room for cook and steward, cabin for Hawaiian missionaries, and room for sailors. Forward of all is the top-gallant-forecastle, six feet high in the clear, containing a Hyde's patent windlass, sail and other lockers, and eight spare berths. Upon the substantial hurricane-deck all the working of the ship is to be done. Between the fore and main masts another house is placed, containing a pilot-house, upper saloon, captain's room, and rooms for chief mate and engineer. Upon this deck there is opportunity for a promenade of nearly one hundred feet. She is to be rigged as a barkentine, that is, with yards upon the foremast, and fore-and-aft sails upon the main and mizzen masts. The mainmast is of iron, in order to use it for a smokestack. The spars are longer than are usually put into a vessel of her size, as the region of her sailing is one of light airs and calms, and every yard of canvas she can spread is desirable. Her sails are of the best cotton duck, and the standing rigging of wire.

"The hold is divided into three watertight compartments, the centre or midship compartments being occupied by engine, boilers, and coal-bunkers. She is supplied with a compound engine, calculated to give seven knots of speed per hour, or say one hundred and fifty horse power, and a propeller of two blades, seven feet in length, which can be secured, when not in use, in a perpendicular position behind a wide sternpost, and thus avoid becoming a drag. Her two boilers are of steel, and have stood a test of one hundred and eighty pounds pressure. The length of keel is one hundred and thirty feet, with thirty feet beam and twelve feet hold. Her gross tonnage is 471.05 tons, but deducting room of engine, boilers, and

crew, she has only a registered tonnage of 290.45 tons. She is built of hack and Southern pine, and thoroughly salted throughout all her frame."

THE DEPARTURE.

The new vessel, after being fitted and furnished at Bath, sailed for Boston the latter part of September, and was visited while at the wharf by thousands of people, who were greatly delighted with her construction and arrangements. On Monday, October 27, in the presence of a great crowd of friends covering the deck and the wharf, religious services were held. The hymns, "The morning light is breaking," and "Waft, waft, ye winds His story," were sung, and after brief addresses by Dr. Alden, Dr. Strong, editor of the *Herald*, and Captain Bray, Rev. Dr. Withrow, pastor of Park-street Church, led in prayer, and Rev. Dr. March, of Woburn, pronounced the benediction. On November 5 the vessel sailed from the port, and the few friends who accompanied her down the harbor, to return with the pilot, again joined in praises and prayer, and the gallant ship stood away for Honolulu.

The full sum ($45,000) required for the building of the vessel was nobly provided by the children and their friends, young in their sympathies and feeling, if not in years. Not less than eleven persons, who were over one hundred years of age, were on the list of subscribers to the stock of the new vessel.

FROM BOSTON TO HONOLULU.

BY CAPTAIN ISAIAH BRAY.

To the Owners of the Morning Star: —

THE *Star* sailed from Boston on November 5, 1884, a bright, sunny day, with a fair wind, a goodly company of friends accompanying us to return on the tug. Before these friends left us they gathered at the gangway and sang, "Waft, waft, ye winds," etc., and we had a parting prayer. When we were left alone our decks seemed deserted, for there were but fifteen of us left. These were: the captain, first mate, second mate and engineer (one man), chief engineer, cook, steward, and six seamen, the captain's wife and daughter, and Arthur Logan, who was returning to his parents at Ruk. But our hands were at the plow and we were starting about our Father's business and we must not look back. But for all that, many a glance was directed to the towboat as we rapidly separated in opposite directions and we saw the boat and friends fast going out of sight.

Could those friends have seen the vessel twelve hours later, how thankful they would have been that they were on shore! A strong northwest gale was chasing us with a fury that seemed eager to overwhelm us. Large waves rolled on board threatening to founder us, but the noble vessel would shake them off and again leap ahead under the close-reefed topsail, the only little sail she could carry, and, as the wind screamed through the rigging, it seemed as if even that would blow from the bolt-rope. All that night we watched and worked in the waves, doing our best to keep the *Star* from foundering. We were glad to see the daylight, when a scene of wild grandeur was presented to our view. Land was no longer in sight, and no other sail could be seen, — nothing but the vast ocean, and that lashed into a fury around our little vessel that seemed only a toy upon it.

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For three days the gale continued, and when it abated we had left Boston five hundred and forty miles astern. We then directed our course to the northeast trade-winds region. But we found very light and variable winds, and we did not reach the equator for thirty-three days after leaving Boston. We could not tell whether we had a fast-sailing vessel or not. One thing, however, we were delighted to learn concerning the sailing qualities of the *Morning Star*, that in light winds she could sail faster and easier than any vessel any of us had ever sailed in. That was one of the most important points we could have gained for Micronesia, as there is little else than these light winds there. Down through the region of the southeast trade-winds we had the same light, variable winds.

We saw the Brazil coast in the distance as we passed Cape St. Roque. The next land seen was the coast of Patagonia, near Cape Blanco, in latitude 46° S. Then we sailed down the coast only a few miles from the land, and kept it in sight till we entered Magellan Straits. It is a barren, desolate-looking country, apparently without people or vegetation.

The voyage became more interesting from the time of sighting the Patagonia coast, January 12th until the 16th, when we reached the entrance to the Magellan Straits. We did not wish to enter at night and came to anchor. The nights were short, however, and the days long in that region. It was not dark till between nine and ten o'clock in the evening, and light again at two o'clock in the morning.

As soon as it was light on the 17th all hands were called, for the *Morning Star* was then to be transformed from a barkentine to a *steamer*, and we were to have the first advantage of steam-power in our missionary packet. As a sailing-vessel we had been steering with the wheel

at the after-end, but now we changed the gear to the wheel in the pilot-house forward. The sails were all furled in a snug manner, top-gallant and royal-yards sent on deck, the fires started, anchor hove up, and we steamed into the Straits against a head wind.

On the shore, at the entrance, sat a large flock of penguins, and over our heads soared a noble great albatross, and here and there a seal would show his head above the water. It was a perfect day in all respects. Upon each side of the Straits large volumes of smoke rose high in the air from hundreds of fires, the object of which we could not imagine, but from the appearance it seemed that Terra del Fuego has well been called "the land of fire." Just before dark we entered the "First Narrows," steaming five knots an hour, and having a fair tide of seven knots more. We were soon rushed through these narrows into Philip Bay, sixty-five miles from the entrance of the Straits, where we came to anchor a short distance from the Terra del Fuego side.

The next day was Sunday, and we lay at our anchorage and had a day of rest indeed. Monday morning, January 19, with a fair tide, wind, and steam, we rushed, rather than sailed, across Philip Bay, through the Second Narrows, and at 3 P.M. reached Sandy Point, the only foreign settlement in the Straits belonging to Chili.

To the eye of even a sailor there is but one indication that the *Morning Star* is anything but a sailing-vessel, and that is the pilot-house forward. Having hard coal, not a particle of smoke appeared to escape through the long iron mast. As we passed around Sandy Point and came in sight of the steamers and the town we took in the lower topsail, the last sail we had set, and steamed to the anchorage without even the noise of a whistle, a wonder to all observers, as there was still no smoke to be seen. The harbor-master soon came on board and his first words

were: "Captain, what are you, anyway?—the Phantom Ship?"

Remaining two days at Sandy Point, from which place we sent letters home by way of Valparaiso, we brought fresh water on board, obtained fresh beef, mutton, and vegetables, and started on our way again. All that night we steamed through a fog and rain, only occasionally getting a view of the land on one side or the other. The next day, January 22, it blew another gale, and all that day we were in about the same position, sometimes gaining a few ship lengths, and again losing it. Passing from Sandy Point to the western entrance of the Straits we look upon high mountains covered with grass and trees; great valleys, with waterfalls and cascades; beautiful sheltered harbors; upon other ranges of mountains high in the clouds and covered with snow and ice. Beautiful glaciers of immense length wind down the valleys to the water, where they break and float away. I could not help thinking what a splendid coast it would be for some of our owners if they could slide down those long, blue, icy glaciers.

Just before dark, January 23, we passed Cape Pillar, the western point of land on the Terra del Fuego side, and the *Morning Star* steamed gracefully into the Pacific Ocean, where we hope she will spend a useful life, shedding her bright rays over the darkness of this ocean. By eleven o'clock we were a good distance from the land, and, having a strong breeze, set sail, let the fires go down, put the steersman at the wheel on deck, and again became a sailing-vessel.

We entered the Straits from the Atlantic Saturday morning, January 17, and left them to enter the Pacific the following Friday evening, January 23. We had steamed seventy-five hours of that time, and anchored only twice. We were both surprised and delighted to

find ourselves through that difficult part of the voyage, in less than *half the time* we had expected. We soon entered the delightful southeast trade-winds region, where we were not disappointed in finding moderate, steady trade-winds, that took us to the equator in the Pacific in thirty five days from the Straits; and in fifteen days more we steamed safely into Honolulu, after a passage of 130 days. Here we anchored about noon on Sunday, March 15. As we came into the harbor a great many friends drove down upon the wharf, as they were on their way home from church, to get the first look at the new missionary vessel, and quite a number came on board to greet us. Thus ended the first voyage of the new *Star*.

THE FIRST VOYAGE TO MICRONESIA.

While at Honolulu three special services were held aboard the vessel. First came an entertainment, at which about $60 were raised for the benefit of the Ponape Training School. The "Cousins' Society" also held its regular monthly meeting on board, with brief addresses from Judge Judd, Captain Bray, Messrs. Bingham, Bishop, Forbes, and Dr. Hyde. On one Sunday the Hawaiians held a meeting on board, and some of the Hawaiian teachers who have labored in the Gilbert Islands, among them Leleo, the blind missionary from Apaiang, spoke briefly.

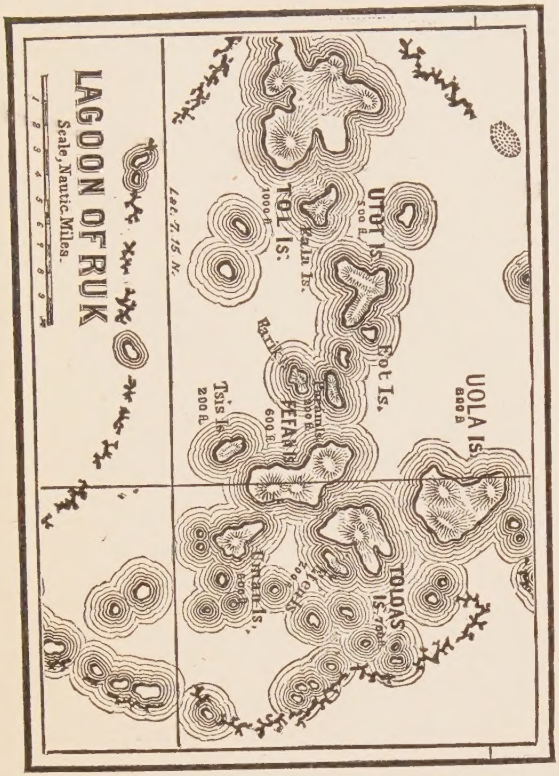
After a short time in port for necessary repairs and supplies, the fourth *Morning Star* set out from Honolulu for its first missionary voyage May 2, 1885. For passengers there were Rev. W. N. Lono, wife, and daughter, Mrs. Haina, Arthur Logan, making with the crew, the captain and his family, twenty persons in all. The following Scriptures and schoolbooks in different languages were taken out to the mission: In the Gilbert Island, the New Testament and the hymnbook prepared by Rev. H.

Bingham; in the Marshall Island, the Book of Genesis, prepared by Rev. J. F. Whitney, and an arithmetic prepared by Rev. E. M. Pease; in the Ponapean, the Epistles of the New Testament, translated by Rev. E. T. Doane.

By the aid of the auxiliary steam-power the usual delays from calms and head winds and difficult landings were happily avoided, and Tapiteuea, in the Gilbert group, was reached May 23, just three weeks from Honolulu. The passage through the group, to take on board the teachers and preachers for the Annual Meeting on Kusaie, which before had required from sixteen to sixty-two days, was accomplished in ten days.

June 12 Kusaie was reached, and the *Star* was joyfully welcomed by the missionaries and natives. After five days she proceeded to Ponape, landing mail and supplies, and taking Mrs. Rand and her daughter on board for the benefits of a sea voyage. At Kusaie, July 1, Mr. Walkup and the general meeting of Gilbert Island missionaries and pupils were taken on board for the yearly visit to the several islands, making seventy-two souls in all. The tour of the Gilbert group was all accomplished in twenty-nine days, with abundance of time for the necessary work at each of the islands. On the voyage back to Kusaie, two new islands, Ocean and Pleasant, were visited; a teacher, Isaac, from Tapiteuea, was left on Ocean Island, and the promise was given to bring teachers to Pleasant Island next year. All this work occupied only half the time required by the old *Star*. On arriving at Ponape, August 31, it was found that Mr. Sturges had suffered from a paralytic shock, and the brethren at Ponape voted that the *Star* should take Mr. Sturges at once to Honolulu, *via* Ruk, before doing any more work. Accordingly the *Star* proceeded to Ruk, arriving September 10. After a two days' rest the voyage was renewed, and the *Star* entered the harbor of Honolulu, October 25. The return to Micronesia began November 19.

The Lagoon of Ruk, of which a sketch is here given, comprises ten high islands of considerable size and



many smaller ones; is situated near the centre of the Caroline group, and is the farthest point west in the

group yet occupied by our missionaries. Mr. Logan and family are located on Wola (Uola), where there is a church and several schools. Native preachers and helpers from the Mortlocks and Ponape are at work on Uman, Toloas, Fefan, Utot, and other islands. It is estimated that at least twelve thousand souls are now accessible to missionary effort within this lagoon, and the work is advancing in a steady, hopeful way.

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

FROM 1885 TO 1897.

SINCE this sketch, with its two sequels, was issued, the *Morning Star* has kept on her way, making her annual voyages, carrying comfort and support to the missionary stations throughout our Island World. If she has not fulfilled all the hopes of those who had in their minds the fast-sailing qualities of a steamer, she has yet rendered inestimable service, and her auxiliary steam power has proved a great blessing.

After the first voyage to Micronesia of the present vessel, Captain Isaiah Bray resigned the command and was succeeded by Captain N. W. Turner, who had charge during the next voyage — that for the year 1886-87. In 1887 Captain George F. Garland took command, and he has been with the vessel ever since.

Notwithstanding the good work which the *Morning Star* has done, it was found that sufficient time could not be allowed among the islands to attend properly to the work of supervising the labors of the native evangelists. The Annual Report of 1889 said: "Either the speed of the *Star* should be increased or other provision should be made for the proper supervision of the work in some of these groups." There are three groups of islands which especially need this constant oversight — the Mortlock Islands, among which Mr. and Mrs. Logan labored so faithfully before their removal to Ruk, the Gilbert Islands, and the Marshall Islands. It was found

impossible for the *Star* on its annual voyage to Ruk to do more than touch at the Mortlocks, while it was indispensable to the prosperity of the churches that they be visited oftener than once a year. Hence a plan was devised in 1890 for the building of a small schooner of about fifty tons burden, which should have its headquarters at Ruk, so that the missionaries located in that archipelago could go to the Mortlocks in a leisurely way three or four times a year. This schooner was built in San Francisco and was named the *Robert W. Logan*, in grateful memory of the faithful missionary who had died on the island of Ruk. After rendering excellent service for three years, the *Logan* went to Japan for needed repairs, and sailed from Yokohama August 7, 1894, on her return, but since that date has never been heard from. No American, excepting her captain, Mr. Poulson, was on board. But the need of a vessel was so great that another schooner, bearing the same name, was built in 1895 and sailed for Ruk the same year, where she is now in service, under the command of Captain Foster.

A call came later for a vessel for use in the Gilbert Islands. Within this group there were many churches and several Hawaiian preachers and teachers. Rev. Mr. Walkup, who had lived on Kusaie, but who had had charge of the Gilbert Islands work, earnestly asked for a new vessel which he could make his home and with which he could tour among the islands. On October 31, 1892, this little craft, named the *Hiram Bingham*, in honor of the missionary who first went to the Gilbert group, who was for a time captain of the second *Morning Star*, and who subsequently translated the whole Bible into the Gilbert Islands language, sailed from San Francisco. The natives upon these islands contributed $1,000 toward the building of this vessel. The *Bingham* has a gasoline engine, and so is able to move about

with ease among the islands where there are strong and changeable currents and frequent calms.

THE MISSIONARIES.

The changes in the missionary force since the present *Star* reached Micronesia have been many. Three veterans of the mission, who in 1885 were vigorously at work, have been called from the earthly service — Rev. A. A. Sturges and Rev. Robert W. Logan in 1887, and Rev. E. T. Doane in 1890. Mrs. Sturges died in California in 1893. Mr. and Mrs. Sturges had labored in Micronesia for thirty-five years, Mr. Doane for thirty-six years, and Mr. Logan for twenty-three years. Mr. and Mrs. Rand, who went to Micronesia in 1874, were compelled for reasons of health to withdraw in 1894. Of those who joined the mission prior to 1885, Dr. and Mrs. Bingham are residing at the Hawaiian Islands engaged in translation work for the Gilbert Islands; Dr. and Mrs. Pease are in the United States, and only Mrs. Logan, Mr. Walkup, and Miss Palmer are in Micronesia. Of those who have joined since that date the following are still in the service: Rev. and Mrs. I. M. Channon, Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Rife, Miss Ida C. Foss, Miss J. R. Hoppin, and Miss L. E. Wilson, residing at Kusaie; and Rev. and Mrs. F. M. Price, Miss R. M. Kinney, Miss A. E. Abell, residing at Ruk; also Mr. G. I. Foster, having charge of the *R. W. Logan*, with headquarters at Ruk.

THE ISLANDS.

In 1887 Mr. Doane could write of Ponapé: "The outlook over all the island is cheering. The large view of the work reveals to us that of the five kingdoms on the island, once all Satan's, four have become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ. Of the five kings or ruling chiefs, four, with their queens and many leading men, have been baptized unto Him who is King of kings. In

the fifth kingdom it is not all dark." But in March of that same year the Spanish government assumed authority over the island, and a dark cloud settled upon the missionary work. Mr. Doane was arrested and taken as a prisoner to Manila, but later was returned, and for a time it seemed as if peace and prosperity might be restored, though the influence of the Spanish was unfavorable to order and good morals. But in June, 1890, the natives, irritated beyond measure by the conduct of the Spaniards, made an attack and the governor and some soldiers were slain, and, later on, the mission premises at Oua were burned by the Spaniards in an assault, and the missionaries were compelled to withdraw. Since that time, though the *Morning Star* has touched at Ponape, no missionary has resided there, and only once has there been permission given to have intercourse with the natives. It is known, however, notwithstanding many lapses, that there are living churches upon the island which are upholding the banner of the cross.

In the Marshall group the Germans have established their authority. For a time it seemed to be inimical to the best interests of the missionary work; but within the past year or two the German Commissioner, residing on Jaluij, has been very friendly and the work has greatly prospered. The Commissioner has forbidden labor on the Sabbath, and encourages the natives in their church life. Altogether the work in the Marshall group is most hopeful.

The Gilbert Islands are subject to Great Britain, and an English Commissioner has resided within the group for the past three years. His rule has not been favorable for missionary work, but this has been apparently from ignorance of the native customs and character, rather than from any ill will. A new Commissioner has arrived and a change for the better is anticipated.

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